



No. 290.—VOL. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE NEW VICE-REINE OF INDIA.

Mrs. George Nathaniel Curzon (née May Victoria Leiter) becomes, by the appointment of her husband, Mr. George Curzon (M.P. for the Southport Division of Lancashire), as Viceroy of India, the most important woman, socially, in a country of two hundred and thirty millions of people. As the daughter of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Washington, U.S.A., she gives fresh point to the Anglo-American Alliance. This picture of her is by Miss Alice Hughes, of Gower Street, W.C.

TWO FAMOUS IRISHMEN.

The centenary of "the '98" must recall for the most unhistorical mind two great figures, Theobald Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet. Wolfe Tone was the son of a Dublin coachbuilder, and was born in 1763. Although he passed through Trinity College, Dublin, with



THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

From a Print in the National Library of Ireland.

considerable success, winning prizes and a scholarship, his tastes were not studious. Military affairs, on the contrary, invariably attracted him, and in his early youth he often escaped from school to attend the reviews and field-days of the Dublin garrison in the Phoenix Park. When only twenty-one years of age, Tone married Matilda Witherington, a beautiful girl of sixteen, to whom he remained all his life passionately devoted and who was his trusted adviser in all his enterprises. In 1787 he entered the Middle Temple, London, but after two years had made but little progress in the study of law. Tone's connection with Irish politics may be said to have begun with his appointment, in 1791, as paid secretary to the Catholic Committee, an office previously held by Richard Burke. The political atmosphere in Ireland at this time was highly charged with the revolutionary sentiments then current in France, and so early as 1794 proposals for a French invasion of Ireland were entertained. In the following year, he, with his wife, sister, and three children, sailed for the United States, to interview the French Minister in Philadelphia on Irish affairs.

The result of his negotiations was that, on Jan. 1, 1796, Tone left America for France, furnished with a letter to the Committee of Public Safety and full of hope and enthusiasm. The failure of the Bantry Bay expedition under Hoche, and the subsequent defeat of Admiral de Winter's Dutch fleet, left Tone still hopeful. In 1798 we find him again

in Paris, urging Napoleon to organise another Irish expedition. In the middle of August Humbert's expedition sailed, only to suffer defeat at Ballinamuck after a brave struggle against superior numbers. Finally, Tone sailed in September with Admiral Bompard's fleet, and was taken prisoner on board the *Hoche* off Lough Swilly. At his trial he appeared in the uniform of a French Chef-de-Brigade, and, when sentence of death was passed upon him, he pleaded that, as a French soldier, he might die a soldier's death. The request was, however, refused, and Tone died in prison from a self-inflicted wound, Nov. 19, 1798, aged thirty-four.

Robert Emmet, the son of a Dublin physician and younger brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, was twenty years of age in 1798 and a student of Trinity College, Dublin. We get interesting glimpses of his college life in the diaries of Thomas Moore, who writes with glowing enthusiasm of his fellow-student's high moral worth, intellectual power, and oratory.

Prevented by his youth from taking a prominent part in the councils of the United Irishmen, Emmet engaged in active propaganda within the University walls, and his speeches at the College Historical Society at length attracted the attention of the Board, who sent a mature debater to the meetings in order to combat the patriotic fervour of the young enthusiast, and champion the cause of the powers that be.

Not long after this, in February 1798, came the famous "visitation" of Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon and Dr. Duigenan for the purpose of gauging the extent of the sympathy for the United Irish movement which existed amongst the students. Emmet, without waiting to be examined, at once took his name off the College books, at the same time protesting against the holding of a sworn inquiry within the College walls.

Emmet's whole attention now turned to politics, and the prospect of freeing Ireland occupied all his thoughts. He visited his brother during his imprisonment with the other '98 leaders at Fort St. George, studied books on military science, and, while travelling on the Continent, had interviews with Napoleon and Talleyrand. In October 1802 Emmet returned to Ireland, having made up his mind to organise an insurrection. The winter and spring were occupied with preparations. Dépôts for the manufacture of arms were established, proclamations were issued, and a considerable number of men joined the conspiracy.

The rising was arranged to take place in July 1803, and up to the last Emmet seems to have cherished hopes of its success. At the end, however, it was evident that all the plans had miscarried. The men did not assemble at the appointed time and place, and, instead of an army two thousand strong, Emmet found himself at the head of a disorganised rabble of some eighty or a hundred roughs bent on indiscriminate violence and pillage. Emmet escaped to Harold's Cross, near Dublin, where he was arrested a month later, and on Sept. 19 tried and condemned to death. The trial lasted from early morning until ten o'clock at night, and Emmet was executed the following day (Sept. 20, 1803) in Thomas Street, Dublin, nearly opposite St. Catherine's Church, his last words being, "My friends, I die in peace and with sentiments of universal love and kindness to all men." The deep attachment that existed between Robert Emmet and Sara Curran, the daughter of the famous lawyer, forms the subject of Moore's beautiful lyric, "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

A CURIOUS MUDDLE—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

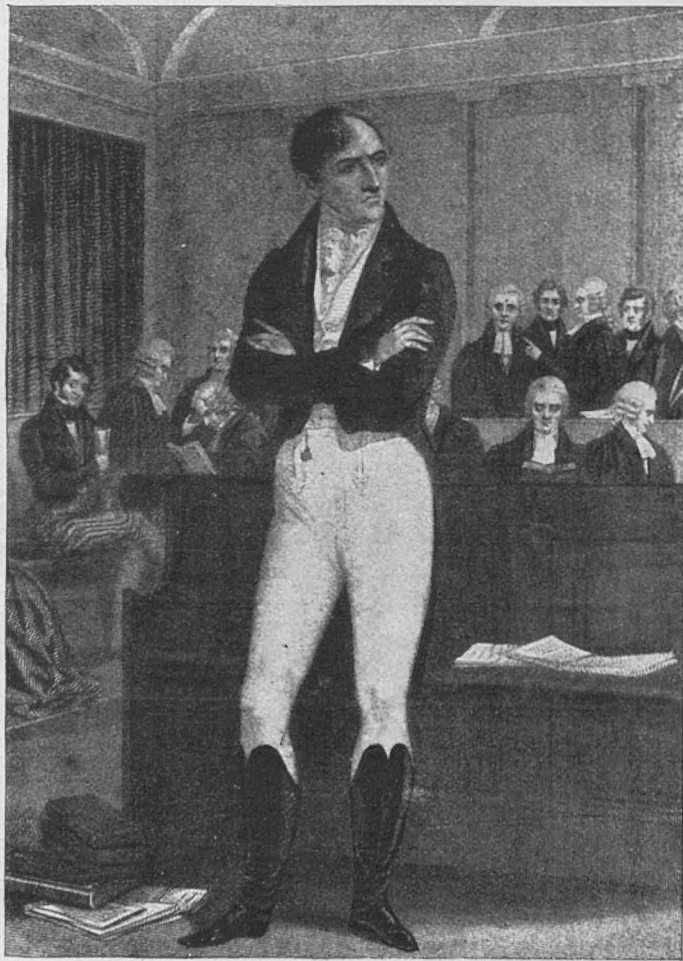
In August 1897 the newspapers announced that the Queen had been pleased to direct that the children of Legal Life Peers and of Legal Life Peers deceased should in future have the courtesy title of "Honourable," and that they should have rank and precedence immediately after the younger children of Barons and immediately before Baronets, a privilege hitherto not conceded them.

An unaccountable delay in issuing the Warrant dealing with this matter has caused a curious social muddle to crop up, for as month after month went by, and the Warrant was not officially promulgated, those interested one after the other assumed for themselves the title of "Honourable," without waiting to see the actual wording of the Warrant. Eight months passed before it was put on record, and then, too, it was not published in the *London Gazette*, as is usually the case, so that its provisions are not generally known.

The Warrant itself, which was recorded on March 13 of this year, runs as follows: "That such children shall have and enjoy the following rank and precedence—that is to say, next to and immediately after younger children of hereditary Barons of these our realms for the time being, and immediately before all Baronets"; so that it clearly accords the children of Life Peers the precedence originally notified, and this despite the strong protest made and agitation set on foot by the Baronets at the time of the first announcement, special attention being drawn to this point in the Warrant by the underscoring of the words quoted, a very unusual method. Unfortunately, however, those children of Life Peers who have, during the past Season, been going about labelled as Honourables, under the impression that the long-expected official notice would authorise its use, must now be grievously disappointed, as all mention of permission to use the style and title of "Honourable" has been altogether omitted.

What an undignified position for the self-styled Honourables to be placed in! And one wonders who is responsible for the omission referred to. It will now be necessary for them to drop the use of the prefix, and wait for the coveted honour until they can move the powers that be to have the omission rectified; meanwhile, they will have the consolation and pleasure of walking down to dinner in front of all Baronets, despite the fact that they do not boast even the coveted courtesy title.

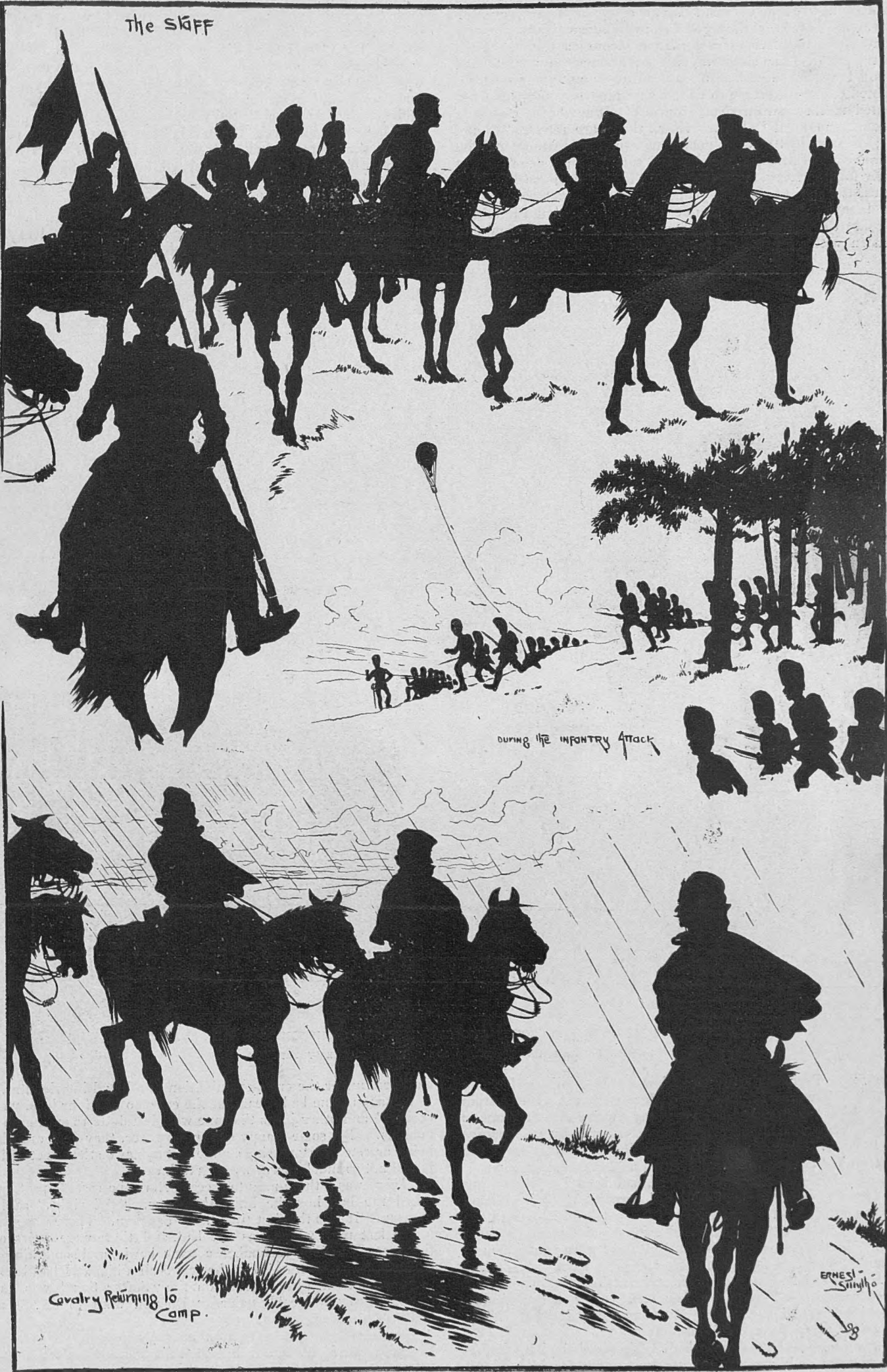
Another anomaly is also raised by the Warrant in question. So far as can be seen, the sons and daughters alone are granted precedence; but what is to be the position of the sons' wives, as the Warrant says nothing about it? And yet it would certainly seem anomalous that the husband



ROBERT EMMET.

should have precedence, and that his wife should have none. Surely the Warrant ought to have defined the wife's place as well, but it has not. Someone seems to have blundered badly, either in the original notice sent to the Press or when the Warrant was finally promulgated.

DEXTER.



BURNT-CORK MINSTRELSY FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

There was not a small boy on Piccadilly! Now I would no more go to a negro-minstrel show without a small boy for company than I would go to the circus alone. Moore and Burgess's show (if indeed it can properly be called that, seeing that Burgess is dead, and Moore has sold out of the business) is the paradise for children with mild-mannered parents and female aunts. It is packed with little folk on every matinée afternoon. It is, undoubtedly, a performance to which any nice girl may take her unsophisticated mother with perfect propriety. It is what is called, in the profession, a "refined" show. Now, there are refinements and refinements; I have had a very good music-hall education, and an English negro-minstrel performance did not sound at all exciting. It seemed hardly fair, however, to accept a ticket in this spirit, so I decided to see and hear the concert through younger eyes and ears than my own.

But, as I say, there was a famine of small boys on Piccadilly. Whether or not the danger of being invited into a minstrel show and forced to listen without joining in the chorus had driven them into

he plucked nervously at the button, as one experiments with a loosened tooth. Spectral smiles appeared upon his face, but were immediately laid by some exorcising memory of Vesta Tilley or the Lofti. He glanced at the programme and clenched his jaws.

There were sixteen consecutive songs in the first part of the show, each by a different singer. Every other one was called a "ballad," and the rest were labelled "comic." The boy had hard work telling them apart. The theatre grew dim and hazy, and the double row of black, expressionless faces became like the buttons on the coat of some overwhelming bore; you looked at them, you knew not why. And still the songs went on, two stanzas to each, with the chorus repeated twice after each stanza. At intervals the young men in holy orders applauded.

Above the minstrels, the black-faced orchestra was perched, a big harp in the centre. Incessant was the tingle of the triangle, and the rhythmic chant of the cymbals assisted the general hypnosis. The juvenile choir piped a semi-falsetto accompaniment, sustained and insistent as a chorus of locusts. And still the songs went on.

We were now down to No. 10, and the boy, who had been sitting stark upright, ventured to lean back in his crimson velvet *fauteuil*. At times there was a mild froth of giggles whipped up by the palaver of the



THIS FRENCH QUARTETTE SING SONGS AND CYCLE AT THE SAME TIME AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

cover, I cannot say. Perhaps the Street Arab was at the Halls, perhaps he was abed. At last, however, I caught one on Jermyn Street, with a purple complimentary ticket for bait, and I dragged my captive into St. James's Hall. We were stopped without ceremony on the way by pomposities in livery, for it seems it is not usual to invite in ragamuffins from the street. It was at last accomplished with much untoward explanation.

The boy, who, but a few minutes before, had been happily selling *Westminster Gazettes* upon a near and blissful corner, gave a frightened look about as we entered. He quested first for some familiar face in the balcony, but it was filled with brothers and sisters and trippers in from the provinces. He glanced around the stalls. Here were young men in holy orders, mothers with broods of children peeping from a bushment of hats; American tourists, heavy of neck and watch-chain, but light of heart, with smartly dressed wives; a few lorn young men "keeping company" assiduously, and a peppering of the unattached of both sexes. It was very evident that "Everyone" had left town!

The boy was impressed, even absorbed. He faced the long double row of amateur negroes like a cynical sergeant under fire, and did not wince when the old jokes flew. He hardly breathed. He was so preternaturally still that sometimes I thought he was dead, but he was only waiting, waiting, waiting for the end. He did not speak, but he revolved his cap continually between his fingers, and from time to time

end-men, under the cross-examination of a bland interlocutor. The boy heard, as in some bad dream, of the cat who had four legs, "one on each corner," and other jokes that one would hesitate to spring on one's aged mamma. By some happy mercy, however, they left out the story of being arrested for "passing counterfeit money on the street"; but perhaps it was not so much mercy as forgetfulness.

There was a three-minute recess before the second part, and in it I asked the boy how he liked the show. "All right," said the small Spartan. It was the first time he had spoken. There was some dancing in the last part, which was not bad, and there were miles of dialogue that were. I dimly remember a trick banjo, and something called "A Budget of Comicalities," but the rest is all a blank. I had been watching the boy, and when the lecture on the "Softer Sex" was announced I saw him grow noticeably paler. "Do you want to go?" I asked him, and he whispered, very faintly, "Yes."

So we crawled out as from a dentist's parlour. Never seemed the Piccadilly air so fresh, never seemed the Piccadilly pave so bright. The street seemed full of revellers, the town was *en fête*.

As we reached the door, the little boy clutched my sixpence, so valorously earned, and without a word he ducked and ran for his life. The last I saw of him he was swimming across the Circus in a white sea of electric light.

GELETT BURGESS.

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From	A	B	C	A	D	E	F	G	H	I	L
Victoria ...	a.m. 8 10	a.m. 9 0	a.m. 9 25	a.m. 9 30	a.m. 9 50	a.m. 10 5	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 10 45	a.m. 11 0	a.m. 11 40	a.m. 12 55
*Kensington ...	a.m. 8 10	a.m. 9 0	a.m. 9 25	a.m. 9 30	a.m. 9 50	a.m. 10 5	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 10 45	a.m. 11 0	a.m. 11 40	a.m. 12 55
Clapham Junc.	a.m. 8 15	a.m. 9 10	a.m. 9 30	a.m. 9 35	a.m. 9 55	a.m. 10 10	a.m. 10 15	a.m. 10 20	a.m. 10 25	a.m. 11 05	a.m. 12 20
London Bridge	a.m. 8 5	a.m. 8 40	a.m. 9 25	a.m. 9 25	a.m. 9 50	a.m. 10 5	a.m. 10 40	a.m. 10 45	a.m. 11 0	a.m. 11 40	a.m. 12 55

* (Addison Road). A.—Every Week-day, Fares 1s. 6d., 6s. B.—Every Sunday. C.—Every Week-day, Fares 7s. 5s., 3s. 6d. D.—Every Week-day, 1s. 6d., Brighton, 13s. 6d., Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Every Saturday, Fare 10s. 6d. F.—Every Saturday, Fare 11s. G.—Every Sunday, 10s. Brighton, 11s. Worthing. H.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car 13s. 6d. K.—Every Sunday, Fare 10s. L.—Every Saturday, returning by certain Trains the following Tuesday; Tickets to Isle of Wight also issued available for 4, 8, or 11 days.

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T. A. WILSON, General Manager.
Inverness, July 1898.

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep. 9 30	11 0	11 40	1 30
Rhyl ...	arr. 3 21	3 55	4 40	6 53
Colwyn Bay ...	arr. 3 7	4 21	5 0	7 33
Llandudno ...	arr. 3 30	4 55	5 21	7 58
Penmaenmawr ...	arr. 3 59	4 52	5 31	7 33
Bangor ...	arr. 3 24	5 15	5 51	7 52
Pwllheli ...	arr. 5 30	9 50
Criccieth ...	arr. 5 25	9 33

	a.m.	a.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep. 9 30	10 25
Barnouth ...	arr. 4 55	6 7
Aberystwyth ...	arr. 4 20	5 25

CENTRAL WALES.

	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep. 10 25	1 30
Llandrindod Wells ...	arr. 4 0	7 0
Llangamarch Wells ...	arr. 4 40	7 33
Llanwrtyd Wells ...	arr. 4 53	7 44

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

	a.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep. 10 25
Blackpool ...	arr. 4 0
Morecambe ...	arr. 3 54
Windermere ...	arr. 4 48
Keewick ...	arr. 5 50

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Euston, August 1898.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

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	a.m.	a.m.
Liverpool (Central Mersey Railway) dep.	7 57	10 5
(James Street) ...	8 0	p.m. 4 33
Birkenhead (Central) ...	8 6	" 6 8
Warrington ...	8 37	" 2 14
Chester ...	8 45	" 3 45
Wrexham ...	9 8	" 7 50
Oswestry ...	8 40	" 9 35
Shrewsbury ...	10 0	dep. 9 50
Wellington ...	10 17	a.m. 12 40
Wolverhampton (Low Level) ...	10 47	arr. 1 10
Birmingham (Snow Hill) ...	11 10	dep. 1 46
Leamington ...	11 43	" 2 21
Banbury ...	12 10	" 2 53
Oxford ...	12 46	" 3 31
Reading (G.W.R.) (Stop) ...	arr. 1 23	" 3 56
Folkestone (Harbour) ...	dep. 1 25	" 4 42
(Steamer) ...	dep. 4 35	" 5 33
Boulogne ...	arr. 6 37	" 5 51
Paris (Nord) ...	10 50	" 6 22
Brussels (Midl) ...	11 59	" 6 27
Bale ...	dep. 10 5	" 6 23
Laon ...	" 4 33	" 6 8
Amiens ...	" 6 8	" 2 14
Brussels (Midl) ...	" 3 45	" 7 50
Paris (Nord) ...	" 9 35	" 9 50
Boulogne ...	arr. 9 35	" 10 10
Folkestone (Steamer) ...	dep. 9 50	" 11 40
(Harbour) ...	arr. 12 40	" 1 10
Reading (G.W.R.) ...	arr. 1 10	" 1 46
Oxford ...	arr. 1 46	" 2 21
Banbury ...	" 2 21	" 2 53
Leamington ...	" 2 53	" 3 31
Birmingham (Snow Hill) ...	" 3 31	" 3 56
Wolverhampton (Low Level) ...	" 3 56	" 4 42
Shrewsbury ...	" 4 42	" 5 33
Wrexham ...	" 5 33	" 5 51
Chester ...	" 5 51	" 6 22
Birkenhead (Central) ...	" 6 22	" 6 27
Liverpool (James Street) ...	" 6 27	" 6 23
(Central Mersey Railway) ...	" 6 23	" 6 23

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For full particulars see Time Tables.

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"SATURDAY REVIEW" AND "THE SKETCH."

"Surely one looks at 'The Sketch' for photographs of ballet-dancers, and not for literary judgments." I read this in the last issue of the once influential *Saturday*. It is not true, my dear Mr. H—; I mean, my dear Mr. Editor of the *Saturday Review*, whoever you may be. Quite a million people look at *The Sketch* every week because of its infinite variety. They even study the Money article, although that feature has not the appearance of absorbing all the paper. They study the photographs of ballet-girls, I hope—all except the ultra-virtuous editor of the *Saturday Review*—because they are charming. But they are naturally interested in *The Sketch's* literary judgments, because these judgments have come from the following among other well-known literary critics—

Professor Goldwin Smith.

Mr. Andrew Lang.

Mr. William Archer.

Mr. Austin Dobson.

Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Mr. James Payn.

Professor Dowden.

Dr. Garnett.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

Mr. J. Dykes Campbell.

Mr. Stephen Phillips.

Mr. S. R. Gardiner.

These names, it may be, carry as much weight as those of Mr. Street, Mr. Beerbohm, and the like, whose signatures now adorn the *Saturday Review* from week to week. There was a time when the *Saturday Review* propounded weighty "literary judgments." Does it do so now? Does the public accept its virulence for criticism? Do the publishers use it, as they once did, as their principal medium next to the *Athenæum*? I note that in this week's *Spectator* there are two pages and a-half of publishers' advertisements as against a column in the *Saturday*, which once outstripped its rival in this department. I am inclined to think that the *Saturday's* "literary judgments" have now ceased to count in Paternoster Row. I am sorry, as I have a genuine kindness for the proprietor, Mr. Frank Harris—a brilliant critic and a masterly writer of fiction—who will not, I am sure, endorse the insolence of his satellites.

CHARLES MORTON, ÆTAT. 79.

To those who are oppressed with the championing of youth, which has become one of the fashionable dicta of the men who tell you how to succeed, the existence of Mr. Charles Morton, the manager of the Palace

Theatre of Varieties in Shaftesbury Avenue, is an encouraging fact. Mr. Morton attained his seventy-ninth birthday on Monday, when he was presented by the directors, staff, and friends of the Palace with this silver bowl. Mr. Morton well deserves this congratulation, not merely on the score of his age, but in point of the success he has brought to the Palace; for Morton spells Mascot. From the moment that Mr. D'Oyly Carte opened the magnificent opera-house, where native talent was to flower and fruit (but didn't), to the time that Mr. Morton took over the management of the theatre, there was no



SILVER BOWL PRESENTED TO MR. MORTON.

luck about the house. Its mere transformation into a music-hall did not rescue it from the sense of failure, even under Sir Augustus Harris. Then, believing with Mr. Gilbert that there is beauty in extreme old age, the directors besought the veteran Mr. Morton to emerge into public life again, and he has made the Palace the success it is, creating a special audience that rarely dreams of going elsewhere. How has he done it? If one could answer that, one would go and do likewise. Suffice it to say he has done it. How different Mr. Morton looks from the ordinary expansively shirted man "in front"! Go to the Palace any evening, and you will find the tiny, white-haired old gentleman unobtrusive yet all alert. His dress-clothes look a trifle old-fashioned, but his mode of management is very modern. The passing years seem as nothing to Mr. Morton, who has watched the music-hall emerge from a pot-house to a palace. For once there is a man who does not need to tremble at the younger generations knocking at the door.

For the convenience of passengers travelling to and from North Germany, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, *via* Harwich and the Hook of Holland, arrangements have been made for a dining-car to run between the Hook and Rheine, thus enabling passengers to breakfast and dine *en route*. By this service, passengers leaving London in the evening arrive at Hamburg the next afternoon, Berlin in the evening, and Copenhagen the following morning.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The appointment of Mr. George Curzon as Viceroy of India has certainly been received with a chorus of praise by the Press. Mr. Curzon has already made himself popular with the journalist fraternity, some of whom even see in the fact that his wife is an American a fresh development of Anglo-American sentiment. Nevertheless, I venture to think that it is a bad day for the British Empire. Those who have had opportunities in a casual way of coming across Mr. Curzon know that he possesses an abundance of what is called "side," whatever his other qualifications may be. Now "side" is not precisely a characteristic that will enable a man to steer through the somewhat dangerous rocks of Anglo-Indian sensitiveness and Maharaja dignity. "My name is George Nathaniel Curzon; I am a quite superior person," runs a well-known epigram.



HON. G. N. CURZON, NEW VICEROY OF INDIA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

The quality of urbanity which was

possessed in so great a degree by Lord Dufferin and Lord Ripon, and so many Viceroys, would seem to be altogether lacking in Mr. Curzon. Then there is Mr. Curzon's associations with the Leiters. Doubtless

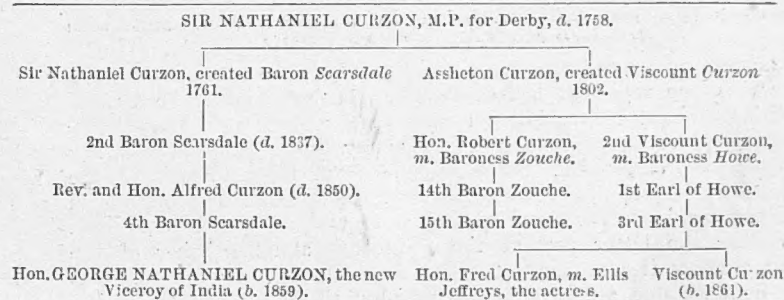
Mrs. Curzon is the charming woman that our frontispiece indicates; doubtless there is nothing to make her undeserving of the enthusiasm which the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, and other journals have expended over her; and certainly I hold that, in almost every possible case that could be named, association by marriage should count for nothing in a public man's career. But the Governor-Generalship of India is precisely the post where everything counts, and the Government, amid the unqualified approval of its supporters and opponents, has conferred the Viceroyalty upon a man whose brother-in-law, Joseph Leiter, performed the extraordinary "deal" in corn which was the talk of the world a few months ago, and which thrust for a time so great a measure of famine on the poorer classes of every country in Europe. I doubt very much if the man whose wife's brother was indirectly responsible for the rise in bread in England, and for the absolute famine which for a moment laid hold of Italy and Spain, is precisely the right ruler for a country so well acquainted with the famine fiend as India unhappily is. Of course, circumstances may prove that Mr. Curzon is the ideal man for the post. There are unquestionably rocks ahead, and every son of Britain will wish that he may be able to steer successfully through them.

Meanwhile my Parliamentary Correspondent writes—

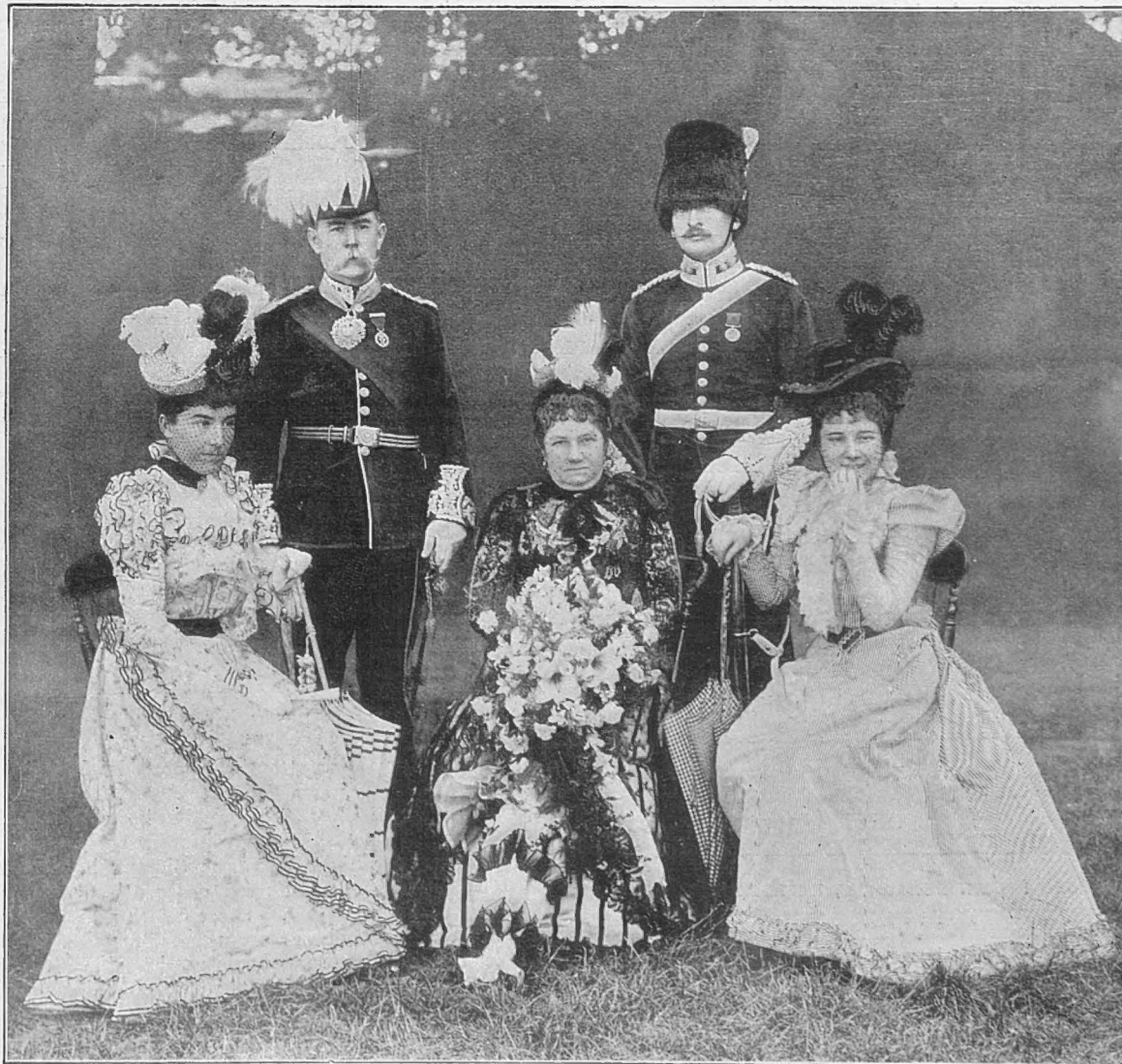
Mr. Curzon will be greatly missed by the House of Commons. Although the House laughed at his superior airs, it was proud of him. He was one of the

few members who could not be accused of mediocrity. Tall, straight, handsome, aristocratic, with pink-and-white cheeks, and loud, resonant voice, with humour, extensive information, and readiness in debate, he had vast confidence in himself, and he gradually induced the House to share the confidence. During the twelve years he was in Parliament he rose steadily, until members generally agreed with Sir William Harcourt in thinking there was no post to which he might not aspire. He handled great questions as if to the manner born; he had the grand manner of the Disraelian political heroes; he was an ideal Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; not only a useful servant of the Crown, but an ornamental. What is India's gain will be Parliament's loss. The Treasury Bench will look more commonplace without the grand, the clever Mr. Curzon. His very name has an aristocratic odour. Men of such brilliant individuality are not too plentiful in the present House of Commons, and even political opponents of the Viceroy-elect regret his disappearance.

The Curzons have been extraordinarily lucky. There were originally three lines of the family reigning at Croxhall, Waterperry (Oxford), and Kedleston (Derby) respectively. The Waterperry family is extinct, being now represented by Baron Teynham, who added Curzon to his own real name of Roper. The Kedleston Curzons were important Derby people for a long time, but the rise of the family to greater eminence dates only from 1761, when they were elevated to the peerage as Barons Scarsdale. Since then they have annexed the Earldom of Howe and the Barony of Zouche, as follows—



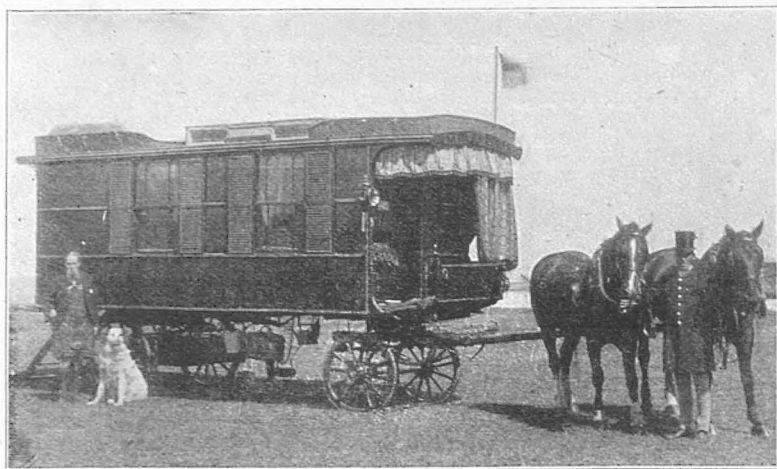
The present Lord Mayor of London is an enthusiastic Volunteer. He was keenly interested in the Shoeburyness Artillery Meeting, and went down with his wife and daughters, being photographed with Major H. Vane Stow, the Secretary of the National Artillery Association.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.

Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

Dr. Gordon Stables is now touring Scotland with his well-known caravan the "Wanderer," which has led him through many a road in this country. Dr. Stables has all the industry of the Scot. He has written hundreds of stories, and his fertility shows no signs of coming to an end.

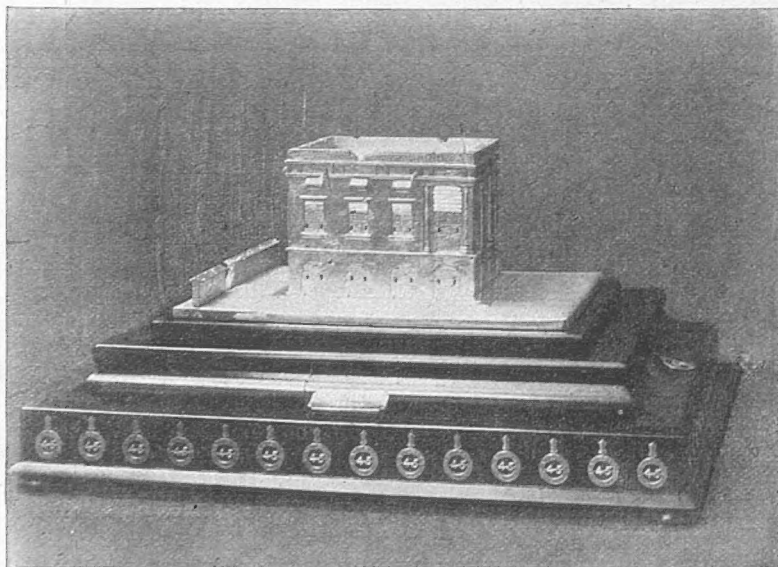


DR. GORDON STABLES AND HIS CARAVAN.

Photo by Bremner, Banff.

The Bedfordshire Regiment, which until the introduction of the territorial system had no "honours" on its colours, and then, with many other regiments, received permission to emblazon their silk with "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," and "Malplaquet," have now been authorised to add "Surinam" to these famous names. The only war-service the regiment has seen since 1804 was with the Chitral expedition, so that the regiment now has six "honours." Though the Bedfords had received from playful Tommy the nicknames of "The Feather-beds" and "The Peacemakers," from their ill-luck in the matter of war-service, for many years after the regiment's formation, in 1688, it saw almost incessant fighting, and greatly distinguished itself, and during the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the present century it was again to the fore. The name "Surinam" is borne by only one other regiment, namely, the North Staffordshire, whose first battalion, the 64th (one of the Lucknow regiments), won the "honour" for the colours.

A curious memento of the Mutiny has just been designed for the 45th (Rattray's Sikh) Regiment, lately with the Tirah Field Force, by Messrs. Barton of Bangalore. This is a solid silver model of a bungalow at Arrah, in Bengal, which this regiment defended in July 1857. The height of the model itself is 4 in., breadth $5\frac{1}{4}$ in., length 4 in. It stands on a polished rosewood plinth, measuring $17\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $14\frac{1}{4}$ in., ornamented at the base with fifty silver "quoits," as worn by the men of the 45th Sikhs in their turbans. The building is an upper-storeyed one, and represents a bungalow of the old Bengal pattern. It stands on a grounding of silver, with a boundary-wall at one end (the back) which was mined by the enemy and blown up, leaving a clear passage to the building itself, which, by the way, exhibits a terribly battered condition from shot and shell. The windows, archways, sky-lights, and terrace-wall have been hastily bricked up and loopholed, and generally put into a state of defence by the regiment.

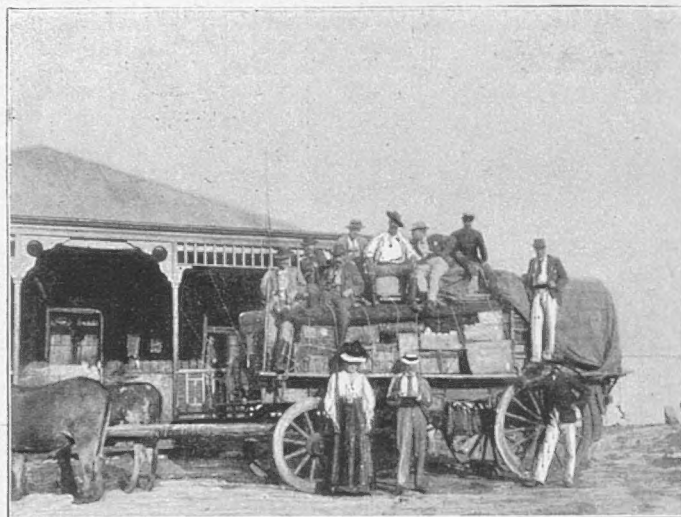


A BOMBARDED INDIAN BUNGALOW, REPRODUCED BY NATIVE WORKERS.

The model shows most faithfully the damage done by shot and shell, and displays a natural breeze-and-battle-beaten aspect, which, it is needless to say, is a most difficult matter to represent in silver-work. The model has been made entirely by native silversmiths working under European direction.

Bluejackets, when they come back from a three years' commission on some foreign station, are often quite small capitalists, because they have so few opportunities of spending money. Only the other day I heard of a man who landed at Devonport with his earnings and went drinking with his friends. Before he was too far gone, he remembered that unless he was careful he would probably lose his little store. He staggered off to Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest and placed in the hands of the manager for safe keeping no less than £300. Another story was told me the other day by another bluejacket travelling to Chatham, who was a good sailor and an excellent tailor and handy-man into the bargain, and earned quite a large sum of money, in addition to his pay as a seaman, his allowances as a captain of a gun, and his good-conduct money. He told me that he used when younger, and before he married, to come home with from £100 to £150 in his pockets, go on leave, and spend it all. He usually had to borrow sufficient to take him back to his ship when his leave was up. Rear-Admiral Alington, I heard remark the other day, after he had just given up the Second-in-Command of the Channel Squadron, that bluejackets were lions afloat and babies ashore, and he added that they earned their money like horses and spent it like asses.

But that all bluejackets are not thriftless, as is popularly thought, the accounts of the Naval Savings Bank just issued from the Admiralty show. This bank is managed by the naval authorities at practically no cost to the men, and on every ship and at every dockyard there is a branch. Whether it is appreciated the report shows, though it only brings the story down to March 31, 1897. At that date there were 21,305 depositors, and there stood to their credit no less than £252,958, which had earned £6049 interest during the previous twelve months. Over a quarter of a million sterling, the savings of twenty-one thousand



THE PIONEER OPERA COMPANY STARTING FOR SALISBURY, MATABELELAND.

Photo by Bleackley, Umtali.

British bluejackets! In fact, the more one gets to know of bluejackets as they are to-day, the more one recognises how little landmen understand them. For instance, one in every six is a staunch teetotaler, and a large proportion are staid men with wives and families ashore, whom they support in far more comfort than those of the average working-man.

The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders have recently had a second battalion added, before which the Camerons were supposed to be the only single-battalion regiment in the British Army. However, this seems to have been a mistake, for the "Cia Mar Tha's" had already provided themselves with a 2nd Battalion in the 11th Soudanese Regiment in the Egyptian service, who, though not "kilties," fought side by side with the Highlanders in the Egyptian campaign of 1884, and were afterwards presented with a set of colours by their Scottish comrades. When the 11th Soudanese arrived at the front at Atbara the other day, the Camerons turned out to greet them, and then entertained them with a dinner and other festivities. We shall probably soon hear that, besides having pipers, some of the Egyptian regiments have discarded the trows for the kilt, in which they will certainly feel more at home.

More attention appears likely to be paid in the future to the practice of skirmishing in the Army. The Boer War showed the necessity of this, and the Tirah campaign has emphasised the lesson. When breech-loaders came into use, all infantry regiments were trained in the same manner as the Light Infantry regiments had been, but, though most regiments can drill in extended order, they appear to know next to nothing about skirmishing. Those Goorkhas who had been trained as scouts proved themselves more than a match for the Afridis on their own ground, but the same could not be said of the majority either of the British or Native regiments. So it is being urged by military men that the Rifle regiments and Light Infantry corps should be now taught the art in which they once excelled.

How few people ever think what it means to be exiled to some distant corner of the Empire, either on her Majesty's service or on some commercial enterprise! The exiles devise all sorts of amusements, and hence the welcome that has been extended to the first opera company (organised by Mr. Searelle) that has ever been in Mashonaland. The photograph on the opposite page shows all the men going up to Salisbury by coach, a journey of fourteen days, just as they are about to start from Umtali, the ladies following by mail-coach. At Umtali their repertoire included "Maritana," "The Grand Duchess," and "The Bohemian Girl." The company is under the management of Mr. Luscombe Searelle.

The pictures on this page show other ways in which exiles amuse themselves. I suppose the hundred ladies of Johannesburg who recently held a Japanese Fancy Fair did so as much to amuse themselves as in aid of the English Church there.

Far away in Cherat, on the Indian Frontier, the officers of the garrison recently held a donkey-polo match against the sergeants of the Dorsets. The general grotesqueness of the whole affair is capitally illustrated by this photograph.

The *Independent* is a desperately serious print. It weeps over me, and says I have forgotten the lessons of chapel-going in my youth, and all because I ventured to banter the eminently successful gentlemen who have been writing solemn articles in the *Young Man* on the way to succeed in business. One oracle made the illuminating remark that, "if the schoolboy went at his lessons with the same vigour as he goes at his cricket, what progress he would make!" Well, I said this was "repulsive and unphilosophical," meaning, of course, that it is "repulsive" to the nature of the

schoolboy and a most unphilosophical view of his disposition and capacities. It is simply impossible that the average healthy lad should have the same zest for his grammar or algebra that he has for his games. Will any one of these eminently successful preachers lay his hand on his heart and swear that, when he was a boy, he did his lessons with the keen pleasure he felt at cricket or football, or whatever was his favourite pastime?

The *Independent* says I "must know quite well that the majority of young men would be far better off if they took as much interest in their work as they do in their pleasures." Who's deniging of it, Betsy? (Perhaps I ought to apologise for quoting Mrs. Gamp, who would certainly not take in the *Independent* if she were now in the flesh.) Young men have more responsibility than schoolboys; but what is the use of providing them with commonplace generalities? "Is there anything wrong in it?" asks the *Independent*. My good friend, it is no question of morals. With the best intentions, you might placard the town with the saying, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," but you would not teach anybody how to succeed in business. Does any one of the eminently successful gentlemen explain how he succeeded? What is the good of asserting that "if a youth wants to be successful he must choose a business which really interests him"? Any tyro could tell you that. What would be of real value is a detailed and absolutely candid statement by a very successful merchant of the methods he employed in his particular sphere. Is the *Young Man* likely to publish that? If not, why try to palm off upon its readers a lot of sermonising and copybook maxims to which no youth with a head on his shoulders will pay the slightest attention?

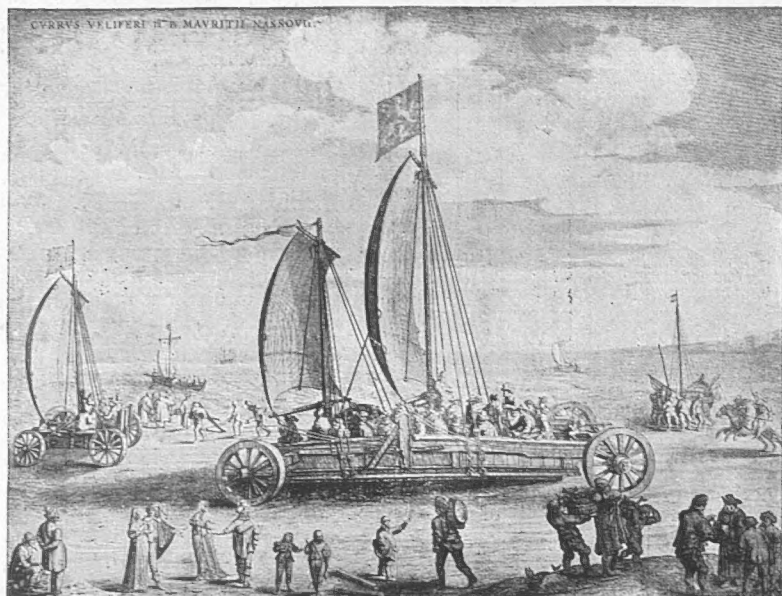


JOHANNESBURGERS AS JAPS.
Photo by H. W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.



THE CHERAT GARRISON IS HERE AMUSING ITSELF BY A POLO MATCH PLAYED WITH DONKEYS.

The Corporation of Bath deserve the thanks of everybody who is interested in the development of municipal bodies for their enterprise in restoring the baths which the Romans gave them many a long year ago. But if they are to replace Nassau House, in which the Prince of Orange lived, by a new hotel, they will certainly not please many. The place is



A CURIOUS LAND-SHIP DESIGNED BY PRINCE MAURICE OF NASSAU.

old-fashioned, and one can ill spare any building that has a history. I am indebted for the block to Mr. J. E. Meehan, the antiquary, of Bath.

Speaking of the Nassau family, I give a picture of the curious ship on wheels that was designed by Prince Maurice of Nassau. The Prince, you may remember, was the son of William the Silent, and was born in 1567. His career as a soldier was a very remarkable one, and his ingenuity was exercised in other directions. It was apparently for the convoy of troops that he designed this curious currus, which, however useful it might once have been, looks grotesque to modern eyes.

Appeals from Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, Jews, are usually couched in such terms as to denote that one is verily obliged to give. This document from the Rabbi Schiffmann (of Tiberias), appealing on behalf of his virgin daughter, will, I am certain, draw tears from many. And, ye kind-hearted folk, bear in mind that the Rabbi has but one daughter, and not the thirty-two that boasts the parson of—Sutherland!

DEAR SIR!—I am at all times adverse of troubling my benevolent Brethren on my own behalf, but on this occasion I am most reluctantly compelled to throw myself upon your generosity, and trusting in your well known philanthropy I venture to take the liberty to approach you with my petition.

As I have a grown up daughter, which is to be married, but have no means, to marry her as I am of high age, feeble, and the poverty of my house is beyond description, and have no other occupation than studying the HOLY LAW, as my composed 23 books will show it, of which I shall be pleased to forward a book if wanted, I have therefore no other way than appealing to benevolent brethren for help "Hachnasath Kalah" and you may be assured that your charity will reach the proper destination, and that I shall never cease to pray for your prosperity to which the God of our Fathers will surely reply. Trusting that my petition will not be rejected I am Dear Sir Your respectfully Rabbi DAVID SCHIFFMANN TIBERIAS (Palestine).

N.B.—Should you answer my appeal please only in Registered letters, direct of my address to Tiberias. Dresses etc., from your Family, whom the Lord may preserve, are thankfully received, and as there is duty to pay, and therefore can not be forwarded direct to Tiberias, to be forwarded to

MOSES IEDID for Rabbi SCHIFFMANN BEYROUTH (syrie).

It is not necessary to take a deep interest in politics to see the significance of the German Emperor's forthcoming visit to Palestine. Sooner or later the Holy Places must enter into the domain of international disputes. Russia sends countless pilgrims to Jerusalem every year, and for their benefit the iniquitous farce of the Sacred Fire is annually perpetrated at Eastertide. Thus the Greek Church exercises its claim. The Turks enjoy the possession said to be nine points of the law, France supplies the Catholic element in tourists, and the Germans add the sprinkling of Protestants. Clearly the Greek, Catholic, and Christian churches can never settle the question of custody, and even if they could, Turkey would still remain to be reckoned with. France and Russia are very anxious to develop power in Palestine, and are likely to split their friendship upon the rock of supremacy there. Now that the German Emperor has decided to pay a visit to the Holy Land, the suspicion of Russia and open anger of France are very noticeable. More than one politician has either told me, or said in

my hearing, that the question of Palestine was the most dangerous element in the threatened break-up of the Turkish Empire. As things are to-day, the Turk is "going strong," and the Russian visit to the Bosphorus is not so near us as it was two years ago.

The various arrangements made for the Emperor during his visit to Palestine are an eloquent tribute to the danger of sanitation as practised by the Turks. The Kaiser will not sleep in Jerusalem: his tent will be pitched beyond the walls. His advisers know their business. Jerusalem, in its native quarter, is very unpleasant. I always found a difficulty in avoiding the filth and garbage that were nearly everywhere. The dogs eat as much as they can, and all sanitary precautions are unknown. What the dogs cannot do must remain undone. Why the Holy City is never visited by the cholera is matter of great surprise to me; it caters for such a visitation in every possible way. Beyond the town, on the hills, there are many fine buildings recently erected, and there some system of drainage prevails. At Beyrout, in Syria, where quaint celebrations were recently held in honour of the Emperor's forthcoming visit, there is even more disease and dirt than in Jerusalem. I would rather pass a month in Jerusalem than a week in Beyrout, where typhoid may be said to walk through the streets by day and by night, where accommodation is primitive and only the exquisite scenery atones for a visit to the place. The town lies low down in the valley of the Lebanon range, and by the middle of May the heat is almost unendurable. I do not care to think of the place in July and August. I am sure the natives must thrive on fever germs, and would pine and die in a well-conducted city of the West.

The twice postponed open-air ballet came off with *éclat* on the Kurhaus lawn at Homburg the other evening. Backgrounded by trees and the well-laid-out garden, a charming effect was obtained. The "Gnomen Polka" of Strauss was danced by professionals from Frankfort with weird artistic grace, among other numbers. Bengal lights thrown on the ballet-dancers as they flitted across the stage made excellent contrast against the pictorial setting of tree and shrub and starry sky. The Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Herbert Scott, Captain and Mrs. Vyner, Lady Alwyne Compton, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Gilbert King, Princess Solms-Braunfels, the Sultan of Siak, Sir George Wombwell, the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel FitzGeorge, Mrs. Maxwell, Admiral Brand, Mr. and Mrs. Jardine-Jardine, General Steward, and Miss Chandos Pole were a few of the many notabilities, scattered about at different dinner-tables, who were much enjoying the unique entertainment in front.

At Marienbad—which is now looking not alone its loveliest but its brightest and best besides, owing to the unusual influx of gay visitors—everybody is looking forward to the Marchioness of Lorne's promised visit. Few places have come into international favour more speedily. For, though Marienbad has long been known, it has for some unexplained reason not come so prominently to the front until late years as the efficacy of its waters and the beauty of its surroundings undoubtedly deserve. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is enjoying a "brain bath" of rest and repose there at present, and among water-drinkers or promenaders variously are, besides Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lord and Lady Romney, Lady Campbell-Bannerman, Lady Fremantle, Mr. and Miss Bevan, Sir Arthur Hodgson, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Lord Falkland, Sir Charles and Lady Euan-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere with their daughter, who grows a pretty girl, and an undoubtedly clever one to boot, Madame Norman-Neruda, Mrs. Antrobus, and Count Charles de Lesseps.



NASSAU HOUSE, BATH, WHICH THE CORPORATION WANT TO DESTROY.

The implacable character of Bismarck's attitude to the Kaiser has been perpetuated in death by the Iron Chancellor's insistent wish in being buried not in pompous state in one of the national Valhallas, but



THE STATUE NEAR WHERE BISMARCK WISHED TO BE BURIED.

in the unpicturesque field at Friedrichsruh, near the statue of the deer placed there on one of his birthdays. The place is plain, and a railway runs close by.

The works of the Paris Exhibition are being carried out with much activity and extraordinary care and method. According to custom, Exhibitions are never finished at the time of opening, and the last Exhibition was no exception to the rule. On this occasion the directors have decided to break the tradition, and have resolved that everything shall be absolutely ready on May 1, 1900. This may be possible as far as the buildings are concerned, but will it be possible to compel the various exhibitors to be in their places and have their products in order by that date? There will be so many thousands of them, and, coming from so many parts of the globe, as they do, it will be difficult to look after every one of them. This, however, is of secondary importance. The great thing is that everything concerning the construction shall be finished before the great day.

The Chief Commissioner of the Paris Exhibition has been informed that M. Osiris, a rich and munificent Hebrew, has offered to found, as he did in 1889, a prize of £4000 for that work in the Exhibition which shall be judged the most meritorious from an artistic, industrial, and humanitarian point of view. The prize was awarded in 1889 to the gigantic Gallery of Machines. In 1900, as then, the Syndicate of the Parisian Press will be entrusted with the awarding of the prize. Among recent gifts to the French nation, M. Osiris has given the palace of Malmaison, Josephine's favourite abode. He has had it repaired, while carefully preserving the Empire character of the decorations and furniture.

King Milan of Serbia, who has succeeded in alienating his son from his mother, Queen Nathalie, has also persuaded King Alexander not to pay her his usual visit at her villa at Biarritz. The Queen, however, to revenge herself, has had a little story made public which certainly does not do credit to the ex-King of Serbia. It concerns a letter, which has now

been published for the first time, from Milan to Nathalie, in which he orders his wife to procure him a sufficient sum of money to pay his debts, remarking at the same time that if she does not he will kill her. Queen Nathalie tells how, when she received the above epistle, she communicated at once with the Czar Alexander III., who gave Milan the money on condition that he should never show his face again in Serbia. Milan took the money greedily and gave the required promise, and history tells us how well he kept it. On another occasion Milan obtained money from Alexander III. on a mortgage on the Grand Hotel at Belgrade, which belonged to him; but when the Czar came to foreclose, he found that it had already been mortgaged up to the hilt to somebody else.

In Paris there are many societies for preserving old landmarks from the vandalism of the present generation. There are the "Old Paris Commission," "The Archaeological Society of Auteuil," "The Friends of the Louvre," and many other leagues which work together in the common task of preserving the lights of "la Ville Lumière" from latter-day Philistines.

The latest innovation is a tramway through a cathedral. Strange to say, the idea does not hail from the States, that home of *fin-de-siècle* notions, but from Utrecht, where the faithful have been much scandalised by the intrusion. The cathedral in question was built in the thirteenth century on the site of an older one, founded by St. Willebrodus, Bishop of Utrecht. In 1674, after a terrible storm, a portion of the nave gave way, leaving a large space between the chancel and the tower. The tower is a beautiful piece of architecture, and is 350 feet high. A new nave has been built, but it does not stretch as far as the tower, and there is still a fairly wide street between the two, which is considered as consecrated ground. Hence the disgust of the congregation when the municipality of Utrecht established tramway lines there.

Sometimes the advertisements in German papers are really delicious. Witness this: "A medical student wishes to exchange a well-preserved skeleton for a bicycle." What an exchange! The proprietor of the skeleton little thought in his lifetime what he would come to one day, and that, although reduced to eternal immobility himself, he yet would foster the rapid motion of others. Who of us knows, indeed, for what machine his own skeleton may not be exchanged some day!

The Russian Government has just given a large order to a firm of shipbuilders on the Mediterranean. This order includes three torpedo-destroyers of 320 tons, with a speed of 27 knots an hour; a cruiser of 7800 tons, 16,500 horse-power, with a speed of 22 knots an hour, and an ironclad of 13,000 tons, which can do its 18 knots an hour. The cost of these five boats will amount to upward of two millions.



THE MAUSOLEUM-PLATZ AT FRIEDRICHSRUH, WHERE BISMARCK WILL BE BURIED.

The Count Mauny de Talrande, now the bridegroom of Lady Mary Byng, is apparently as philanthropic as he is wealthy. When in England he was so greatly impressed by our University Settlements that he made up his mind to found a Settlement at Tours (near which town he resides) on a similar basis to that of Toynbee Hall. The Count has invited several members of the English aristocracy to aid him in starting the scheme, among others Lord Belgrave, fresh from Eton. No doubt he will also receive the support and co-operation of the French nobility, many of whom possess estates in the neighbourhood of Tours. Such an institution in France will be a novelty, and naturally more or less of an experiment; it will therefore be specially interesting to mark its development.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was ever of an independent and high-spirited nature, and, as a child, was not always easy to manage. The person to whom she submitted (generally) with grace, and whom she avoided displeasing, was her English governess. The magic influence of this lady has been attributed to the judicious use of the word "darling"—in English. When Wilhelmina was obstreperous and was addressed in sorrowful tones as "darling," she was generally charmed to obedience. She always kept the notion of being Queen constantly in mind, and when opposed in any way would murmur, "Ah, when I am Queen, then I shall be mistress." Many delightful stories are afloat about the girl's pride, which the Queen-Regent Emma often found it necessary to check. Here is one of them. The following parley occurred early one morning between mother and child, as the young Queen sought entrance to her mother's room—

WILHELMINA. (*Knocks.*)

QUEEN-REGENT. Who is there

WILHELMINA. The Queen.

QUEEN-REGENT. Can't come in.

(*Wilhelmina reflects for a moment, then kneels again.*)

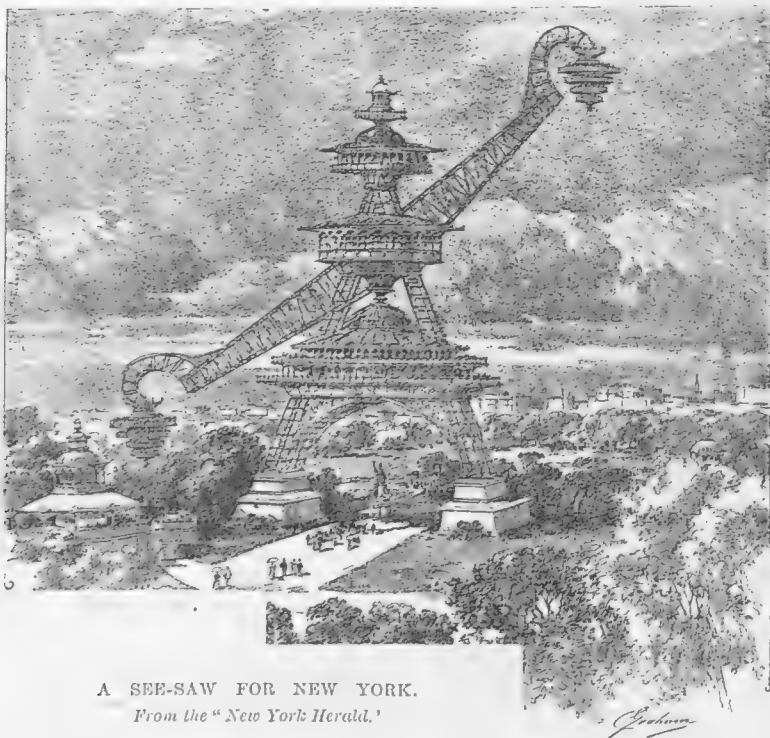
QUEEN-REGENT. Who is there?

WILHELMINA. Your daughter.

QUEEN-REGENT (*in a caressing voice*). Come in, darling.

Already many "distinguished foreigners" have arrived for their cure at the Kurhaus, some of whom will stay over the Coronation festivities of Sept. 6 and following days. The Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess are here, also the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and his daughter the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, having stopped *en route* to stay with his niece, Queen Wilhelmina, for a few days, who is at her summer palace, Solstdyk, near Utrecht, till the end of August. Princess Lichtenstein, Comte de Pourtalès, and Count and Countess Toerring, who are on their honeymoon trip, are also amongst the arrivals. The Prince of Solo intends to "do" Holland on an automobile after the Coronation ceremonies, accompanied by his brothers and suite. The Prince has charming manners, and is already an established favourite in the Court set.

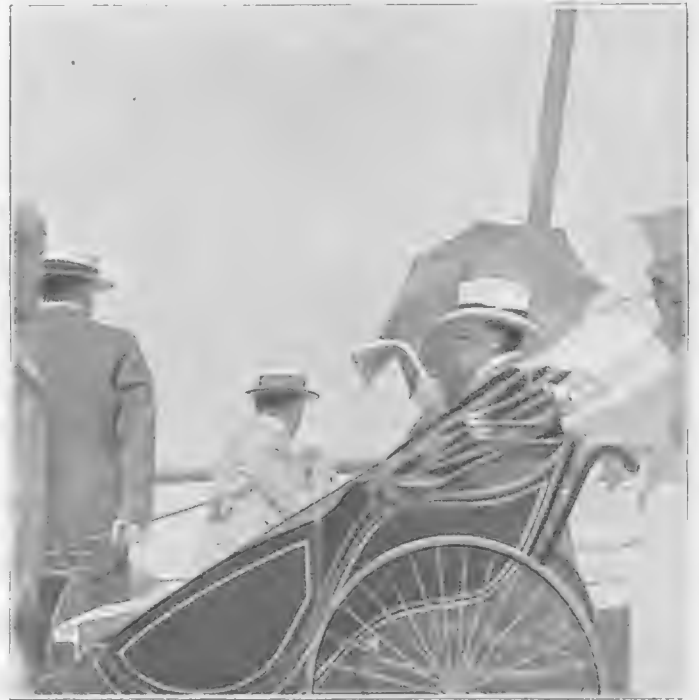
Think of a see-saw six hundred feet long that will carry a load of passengers from the ground to a height of one hundred feet. Such a machine has been invented and patented in Europe and America by Mr. Imre Kiralfy, and will be offered to New York City for erection in Central Park. The structure will consist of a central steel tower four hundred feet high. Securely resting on bearings two hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground will be poised in exact balance the



A SEE-SAW FOR NEW YORK.
From the "New York Herald."

giant see-saw, which will extend the enormous length of six hundred feet. Like the tower, the see-saw will be of steel. Below the see-saw, a little less than half-way to the ground, will be a grand promenade, and above it, half-way to the top of the tower, will be a restaurant, from which a

magnificent view can be had; but for the view of views, which will surpass any now existing, the spectator must ascend to the watch-tower at the extreme top of the turret. The motion will be so gentle as to be hardly perceived, and will be very readily accomplished, for the exact balance of the see-saw, with friction reduced to a minimum, will make it



MR. TOOLE AT MARGATE.

Photo by G. E. Chilcott, Bristol.

possible for a very small preponderance of weight at either end to raise the other. On the see-saw will be railway tracks, carrying cars, operated either by cable or rigid wheels.

America is going to look after Cuba, but she must give up the bones of Columbus if they are really in the cathedral at Havana. There is historical evidence that they are at St. Domingo, though it is doubtful whether the bones preserved there really belonged to the great navigator. This, however, is a question for Hayti and the Spaniards. America has a strong interest in the relics, but by parting with them she will enjoy one of the finest strokes of irony in all history. Some American artist, Mr. Edwin Abbey, let us say, ought to go to Havana and paint a great picture commemorating the transaction, which should give peculiar significance to the triumph of America over the country which sent Columbus to discover her.

So the children of legal life peers are not "Honourables" after all! They may walk in to dinner before the progeny of mere baronets, but they have no courtesy title. It is surprising that this was not found out sooner by the compilers of fashionable guides and directories. Every newspaper announced that the children of legal life peers had been made "Honourables"; the proper authorities took no steps to rectify the error, and now it has been discovered because somebody had the curiosity to address an inquiry to the oracle. Think of the heart-burning among the "Honourables" who are suddenly deprived of the title they assumed by mistake! Really this sort of blundering would warrant a revolution. Why don't the dispossessed hold a meeting in Hyde Park, and pull down the railings? Mr. Charles Russell, who is one of the sufferers, would defend them before his father!

Miss Maud Gonne is a beautiful and accomplished woman with a bee in her bonnet. The bee buzzed madly the other evening at St. Martin's Hall, where Miss Gonne excited wild enthusiasm by declaring that the duty of every Irishman was to bring about "the destruction of the British Empire." I do not wonder at the enthusiasm, for a lovely woman may say anything on a platform and drive her audience to delirium. But, as I was not there, I can bring to Miss Gonne's political principles nothing but a cold, unbiassed analysis which prompts me to say that she talked nonsense. This lady has cultivated patriotism in Paris, where the atmosphere of public meetings is unfavourable to reason. She has listened to the Rocheforts and the Millevoies, who cannot open their mouths without making fools of themselves. A certain type of Frenchman always raves about the downfall of the British Empire, which he confuses with Carthage, the Bastille, and other historical monuments of infamy. Now it happens that the British Empire owes not a little of its glory and stability to Irishmen, who, instead of plotting its "destruction," have risen to great distinction in its service. I see no reason to believe that other Irishmen, of equal ability and patriotism, will not pursue the same path to renown. What does Miss Gonne suppose that an Irishman like Sir Charles Gavan Duffy would think of the work to which she invites her countrymen? But to ask this question is to presume that Miss Gonne is capable of reflection; and, if she were to reflect, she would lose her oratorical charm.

And so the Session has died without a regret. Even the Gallery specialists have longed secretly for the end of it all. To the outside public, Parliament this year has not even the force to irritate.

The light of St. Stephen's is out,
The Speaker has broken his tether,
And Members, now driven to rout,
Are primitive men in the heather.
I don't wish, my Commons, to flout,
And yet you have made us all weary
Be noisy, be rowdy,
Rhetoric'llly dowdy;
But why be depressingly dreary?

We've waited for orators' flights,
We've longed for a bit of a shindy;
But the Session has brought us no Brights,
The speaking has only been windy.
And as for the fellow who writes
A letter from London, poor scrawler,
He's witnessed his "copy"
(The term's rather shoppy)
Grow smaller and smaller and smaller.

For a time we imagined the East,
As wakened by China's partition,
Was going to act as the yeast
That raises rhetoric ambition.
But when we sat down to the feast,
We found it was only a fizzle—
A mere talky-talky,
Not pungent nor pawky—
No torrent, but only a drizzle.

A passing sensation, no more,
Was caused by the faith of the Doughty.
Some thought he was right to the core,
And some that his gospel was gouty.
Then one or two Members, or more,
Got paragraphed—owing to Cupid;
But that's a digression
Which shows that the Session
Was hopelessly stodgy and stupid.

The familiar beacon-light on the Clock Tower, which indicates to all and sundry that the House is sitting, and which has now gone out, is only one of the methods that have been adopted from time to time for the purpose of intimating to those Senators who are dining at home, or who have left to fulfil evening engagements, that a "count" has been successful or that the agenda is exhausted. For instance, some years ago it was customary, on the approach of nightfall, to slide out from the summit of the tower a long pole from the end of which a lantern was suspended; but as this was visible only to the squares of Belgravia and Mayfair, and not to those who resided in the less classic South, a protest was raised, with the result that the present beacon, which is somewhat similar to that of an ordinary lighthouse, save that it is stationary, was finally adopted, and has been in use ever since. And when the question comes from the Chair that "this House do now adjourn," which finds its echo in the Parliamentary lobby in the familiar

I am glad that Lord Mansfield has no intention of selling his beautifully situated house, Caen Wood, Highgate. It originally belonged to the Dukes of Argyll, then it came into the possession of Prime Minister Bute, who sold it to Lord Mansfield.



CAEN WOOD, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

Your reference to the Bude railway (writes a correspondent) is a reminder that Devon and Cornwall are being cut up in all directions by railways, and the charms of the two counties threatened. The proposal to run a line from Lynton to Minehead is famous by this time, on account of the opposition it has aroused, but how many people are aware of all the other schemes for despoiling the West Country? Here are a few set down at random: (1) Exeter to Moreton Hampstead and Chagford, two of the most breezy of Dartmoor towns; (2) Bideford to Westward Ho and Clovelly, quaintest of Devon's villages; (3) Holsworthy to Bude; (4) Okehampton to Torrington, Bideford's nearest neighbour; (5) Halston to the Lizard; (6) Penzance to St. Just; (7) Newquay to Truro, *via* St. Agnes and Perranporth. These are some of the extremes that, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, West Countrymen are urging forward; most of them are actually under construction, and there are others in contemplation. Soon Londoners and the business-men of the great Midland towns who have gone West in search of quiet and rest, away from the click of the telegraph, the whistle of the railway-engine, and the bell-ringing of the telephone, will have to look elsewhere for the delights of a real country holiday.

A Canadian inventor has just perfected a machine called a motor-sledge, the wheels of which are specially constructed so that they get a good grip of the ice. This new apparatus has a motor of three horse-power, and is said to work excellently. It can travel at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The collectors of postage-stamps are jubilant just now, for they have found a justification for their own existence. A purchase of shilling stamps has been made by a firm of philatelists, and the experts find they are clever forgeries and must have deprived the Government of considerable revenue nearly twenty-five years ago. In these days of photographic and lithographic processes, one may be surprised to find English postage-stamps forged so seldom. The old black penny stamp, with the letters "V.R." in the top corners, attracted the attention of the dishonest, and the fault of this clearly lies with the collectors, whose demand for this particular stamp has raised the price to £5. Foreign forgeries proceed apace, and I have heard people say that South American republics, in the hour of extreme financial depression, often resort to an issue of new postage-stamps to tempt the gentle philatelist. The sale of old dies is also a source of trouble to collectors, who have paid big prices for rare specimens and find the market flooded with reprints. The hardened collector seldom or never falls a victim to the forger; he knows all about water-marks, designs, and minutiae of every description; and yet, when one considers the multitude of stamps and the shortness of life, there comes the question whether it would not be better to buy forgeries than waste years learning to detect them.

Mr. William Cross, of the great animal emporium in Liverpool, who, as all the world knows, is not only prepared to supply you with anything alive, from a parrot to an ostrich, but even keeps mummies and other eccentricities in stock, now sends me a photograph of some relics from Benin which have come into his possession. The officers of the recent Benin Expedition, it will be remembered, brought back with them an immense number of metal relics, many of which were purchased by Sir William Ingram, and presented to the British Museum. An article on these relics appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for January last. They consist of figure-castings in bronze and brass, some of them marvellously artistic and picturesque. How a savage negro-country like Benin came to be possessed of so many artistic curiosities is still a puzzle to the art world. It is probable that a school of art metal-workers was founded in Benin some three centuries ago by Portuguese prisoners in the country, but, in any case, the art quite died out, leaving only these treasures. The inhabitants of Benin as seen by our expedition had no suggestion of artistic instincts.



TROPHIES FROM BENIN.

Photo by William Cross junior, Liverpool.

"Who goes home?" the Clerk at the table, by the mere pressure of a button, automatically extinguishes the light, just as the modern lamplighter, by the turn of a key at the foot of the tower, can put out on the first approach of daylight the 240 gas-jets which illumine the dials of the famous clock above.

Bolton Abbey, where the Duke of Devonshire has gone for the grouse-shooting, is surely one of the prettiest places in England. The estate belongs to the Duke, who is seldom there, and includes the most beautiful parts of the Wharfe Valley. The house is not a very large one, scarcely larger, at first sight, than that of the Duke's agent close by; but for a shooting-box one does not need a palace. The ruins of Bolton Abbey are very much beloved of tourists, and the estate is open to the public on all the week-days. I was in Yorkshire two or three weeks ago, and spent a day rambling from the old Abbey through the Valley of the Wharfe to Barden Towers ruin, an old-time residence of the house of Pembroke, where a quaint inscription on one of the crumbling walls is the sole witness to ancient glories. I have seldom seen such views as are afforded to the stroller in the Wharfe Valley. They challenge comparison with the Valley of the Rhine, and the air seems sufficiently bracing to make an invalid feel strong without any period of convalescence. On all sides above the valley the moors sweep in almost endless way, and the sport should be of the very best, particularly if the grouse are as strong and healthy as the villagers. Yorkshire has not much to fear from comparison with Scotland.

The death of Dr. Aveling is rendered the sadder by the recollection of what a really great and potent personality he might have become. I made his acquaintance when a boy, while reaping the advantage of his admirably lucid, and, indeed, brilliant lectures on physiology and botany. He seemed to me to have a masterly gift as a teacher, and it will be remembered that he was in his day, at a time when scientific accomplishments were not so widespread as now, one

of the youngest of Doctors of Science of London University. Every advantage seemed to be on his side. By birth and early association he was a Nonconformist, being the son of the popular Congregational minister of Stoke Newington. He was an enthusiast for advanced movements at a time when such enthusiasm was in no way a handicap in fighting the battle of life. That his great gifts should have been mingled in later years by so painful a lack of character is one of those mysteries of life over which it is impossible to moralise without descending into cant. It would seem, however, that his death, at the age of forty-five, broke a career from which there was nothing



THE LATE DR. AVELING.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

further to hope. His way of splitting up his interests was too much even for a versatile man; hence in the plays which he wrote under the name of "Alec Nelson" there was a certain amount of promise that never really found fulfilment. His quasi-historical drama "Judith Shakespeare," his version of "The Scarlet Letter," and his pretty operetta "A Hundred Years Ago," written in collaboration with Mr. Henry J. Wood, now celebrated as the conductor at Queen's Hall, were all found wanting.

The church of St. Mary the Virgin, in the Charing Cross Road, does not present an interesting or engaging appearance to the passer-by. If, however, one slips up the alley on its southern side, in which is situated the entrance, one can obtain a view of some dilapidated and ragged brick walls at the back of the existing building, with regard to the demolition of which the London County Council have issued a notice, and the existence of which recalls certain interesting metropolitan memories. Here once stood the old Greek Church founded in 1677 under the patronage of Charles II., but chiefly through the exertions of Compton, Bishop of London. The head of this church was one Joseph Georgeirenes, Metropolitan of Samos, who was driven from that island by the Turks, and came to London in 1676. Money was collected by Georgeirenes in all parts of the country for his church, which was finished in 1680, and the services of the Greek Church were there duly performed. The Bishop, however, being short of funds, and the site of the building proving inconvenient, he decided to sell it, and entered into negotiations with the Vestry of St. Martin's, which eventually ended in his ejection, and in the church becoming the property of the Vestry, apparently without any payment whatever.

In 1684 the church was leased to the French Protestants who had been worshipping in the Savoy Chapel, and this body retained it till 1822,

when it passed to a congregation of Baptists, who remained there till 1849. The late Canon Wade, Rector of St. Anne's, Soho, fearing it would be turned into a music-hall, obtained funds for its purchase, and secured it for the Established Church. Since those days it has been enlarged and renewed, and grown in use and importance. The ragged old walls, which are denounced by the London County Council as dangerous, are, I understand, the last relics of the building, which has had a somewhat eventful history.

Fräulein Flügge is a young German harpist from Cologne who recently played in London.

The last new giraffe is dead, and the Zoological Society's hopes of re-establishing the breed in captivity are gone for the time being. The loss of this young male, which arrived in the Gardens on July 6, is peculiarly regretted by naturalists, as it belonged to the Northern subspecies or variety, while the surviving female represents the South African variety, which differs in an important respect from the former. The South African giraffe has only two of those curious prolongations of the skull we dignify by the name of "horns," whereas the Northern variety has a third horn springing from the forehead just above the eyes; further, the legs of the Southern giraffe are spotted down to the hoofs, and the chocolate blotches are very dark, while the legs of the Northern giraffe are white below the knees and the markings are paler in colour.

Isn't it carrying national hospitality just a little too far to let the German War Office make Dover, a great naval harbour in the early future, the "tossing-point" for a couple of thousand homing pigeons? The weather last week obligingly stepped in to wreck an experiment which the authorities in Pall Mall had failed to prevent. If people understood that the homing pigeon can fly home *only* over the course for which it has been trained, they would appreciate the uncasiness with which those versed in flighting regard this business. German pigeons

trained to fly home from Dover to, say, Düsseldorf learn the route only from Dover and intermediate points to Düsseldorf. If the object is to try how far pigeons can fly, I suggest that the German Empire extends more than six hundred and fifty miles from East to West, that that distance is more than the maximum day's journey yet performed by a pigeon, that pigeons don't fly at night, and, if they stop to roost, their return at all is a mere chance, and therefore that Germany has every facility for conducting experiments likely to be of practical and pacific value in her own borders.



A TRINIDAD AMATEUR IN "THE BELLS."

Photo by Whiteman, Port of Spain.

This photograph has come all the way from Trinidad. It shows Mr. J. W. Wharton in "The Bells," which the Dramatic Club of Port of Spain produced. Started in 1894 with only ten subscribers and thirteen acting members, it now has three hundred subscribers and sixty acting members. The Hon. A. P. Marryat is the president of the club.



A YOUNG HARPIST.

Photo by Unverdross, Cologne.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—IN NORTH LONDON.

Realistic spectacle cannot, it would seem, be overdone. To existing London shows where fire plays an important part, the Alexandra Palace has just added another which differs from some of its contemporaries in being histrionic as well as pyrotechnic. Pain's "Great Eruption of Mount Vesuvius and Destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum," as represented at the Northern pleasure-house, is certainly a wonderful combination of the Earl's-Court-cum-Olympia kind of thing with the Thursday-night-at-Sydenham kind of thing, as it were.

The exhibition is also a pleasant reminiscence of a book that fascinated us in days previous to the dawn of a severely critical sense in literature. We know now, of course, that Lytton is grandiose, that he is viciously high-flown, and so forth; but, for all that, the characters of his "Last Days of Pompeii" still claim a sneaking affection. Accordingly, the appearance in visible form of Glaucus and Ione, of Nydia and Arbaces, is not unwelcome. And this you may now enjoy at the Alexandra Palace.

The scene is laid in the Forum of Pompeii. Behind towers Vesuvius, in front are the waters of the Mediterranean. The action begins at early morning; the guard is on duty, but, as the light grows, the city wakens to activity. A chorus is chanted, and Nydia appears with her flower-basket, offering her wares to the passers-by. Ione and her rival suitors, Arbaces and Glaucus, enter, and the story begins to develop. A



THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

ballet follows, then the Witch of Vesuvius is introduced. The First Part closes with a brilliant water pageant.

The Second Part, "Noon," tells of the conversion of Glaucus to Christianity and his discovery by Arbaces. A gladiatorial show forms an interlude, and then the arrest of Glaucus is represented. A Ballet of Summer and festive chorus effectively conclude the part.

The Third Part, "Night," shows the city in the gathering dusk. Arbaces and Ione meet. She pleads for her lover. He presses his own suit, but she repulses him. He is about to stab her, when the Temple doors open and Nydia appears, the tableau prettily recalling a well-known picture. The blind girl and Ione leave Arbaces baffled and furious. The city is then illuminated and a great procession enters, hymning the goddess Isis. A dance and solemn chorus follow. Calenus, the High Priest, proceeds with the rites, when an earthquake shakes the city and flames leap from Vesuvius. He calls upon Glaucus to come and appease the goddess's anger by adoration, and the crowd shout for his death. Glaucus prepares for martyrdom, when the earth again trembles, the mountain vomits flame, and general destruction ensues. In the confusion, Glaucus, Ione, and Nydia escape to sea. The scene

closes with the total overthrow of Pompeii, and is followed by a wonderful display of the pyrotechnist's art. The whole spectacle has been invented and carried out by Messrs. James Pain and Sons.



THE RECEPTION OF ARBACES THE EGYPTIAN.

BRITAIN'S BOWMEN BRAVE AND BOLD.

HOW ARCHERY IS PRACTISED AT THE PRESENT DAY.

A celebrated authority, Mr. C. J. Longman, once truly wrote that "no other sport has played a part in the history of the world which can compare with that of archery." Perhaps this statement applies with greater force to England than to any other country, for it was to the unerring skill of our forefathers in the use of the long-bow that



A TARGET AT A HUNDRED YARDS.

the foundation of England's greatness is due. The bow and arrow hold a firm and abiding place in the affections of English people, and, apart from such glorious victories as Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, which were only ours through the superiority of the old sturdy English archers, the romance of those dear old heroes of our youth, Robin Hood, Little John, and William of Cloudeley, would be bereft of all the gilt that embellishes the frame of so pretty a picture, were it not for the long-bow.

Some years ago archery seemed doomed to the depths of oblivion, but a revival set in, and archery at the present time is a popular and fashionable pastime. Outside the select coterie of archers, it will come as a surprise to learn that archery clubs, with inter-county competitions, are formed in nearly every county in England, that a Grand National meeting is held every year for the championship, one for ladies and one for gentlemen. Stranger still is the existence of the Royal Toxophilite Society in Regent's Park, near the Botanical Gardens, which attracts the *crème de la crème* of the archery world.

I wonder how many thousands of people, Londoners even, pass the grounds of the Royal Toxophilite Society and are ignorant of its existence! The grounds are situated on the right of the road, after passing the bridge at the York Gate entrance to Regent's Park, and lie between that and the Botanical Gardens. There is little outside to indicate the lovely archery grounds within. The targets are ranged along a beautifully kept lawn, which is as level as a billiard-board, and a picturesque club-house skirts it on the right. This is Archers' Hall, one of the quaintest and most old-fashioned-looking buildings in London.

There is a breath of "Merrie England" and the Middle Ages all round you inside Archers' Hall. The building is of old polished oak, and the cross-beams and stained-glass windows, bearing the arms of the patrons, with the coats-of-arms and colours of the members painted on the "Aschams," or panels, seem to transport you to a forgotten age. Archers' Hall is aptly named. The walls are ornamented with stags' heads and antlers, which recall memories of Robin Hood and his stalwart foresters in Sherwood Forest. Bows and arrows, many of an old and

quaint design, meet the eye, and right in front of you, as you enter the hall, and above the mantelpiece, you see the motto of the Toxophilites in mosaics—"Stout Arm, Strong Bow, and Steady Eye, Union, True Heart, and Courtesie."

Archers' Hall would require more space to do it justice than is at my disposal. Suffice to say that it has stood in its present lovely, secluded spot since 1832. The Prince of Wales is the Patron of the Society, and has occupied the position since 1870, in succession to the late Prince Consort; and the Duke of Portland, appropriately enough, is the President; and although the membership is confined to gentlemen, "ladies' days" are held, when the archeresses evince as great a love for the good old sport as the bowmen themselves.

As a sport for ladies, archery possesses many advantages, as it requires skill, grace, nerve, and a true eye and firm hand and wrist. That ladies have taken to it heart and soul, the returns and scores of the different tournaments throughout the country plainly indicate. At one recent Grand National at Hurlingham as many as one hundred and thirty archeresses competed for the championship, and, as the years go on, so the records get cut. In shooting for the Grand National, different distances and regulations are in force for ladies and gentlemen. Archers are expected to shoot six dozen arrows at one hundred yards, four dozen at eighty yards, and two dozen at sixty yards, while ladies are not required to shoot at so great a distance, the targets being placed at sixty yards, and, in other instances, at fifty yards from the bowwomen.

The Annual Grand National Archery Meeting might be termed the Blue Riband of the ancient sport, as the principal item of the programme is the shooting which is to decide who is to be the proud holder of the title of champion or championess of the year. This year the meeting was held at Oxford on July 27, 28, and 29, but it is not the first time that the Grand National has been held in the old 'Varsity city, the previous occasions being in 1863 and 1889.

Singularly enough, both championships changed hands, Miss Legh securing the ladies' and Mr. C. J. Perry Keene the gentlemen's. Miss Legh's shooting was remarkable, as she not only created a record with her score of 825, beating by two points the previous record made by Miss Bowly in 1894, but she also set up a record with her number of hits at the target, namely, 143. Miss Bagnall Oakeley made the highest score at fifty yards, namely, 248 in 42 hits. The well-known shots, Mr. G. E. S. Fryer and Mr. G. L. Aston, the honorary secretary of the Grand National Meeting, also did well, the former taking fourth prize with a score of 760 in 180 hits, and Mr. Aston hitting the target the largest number of times from the eighty yards' mark. The venue for the Grand National next year will be changed, according to custom. It is more than probable that Brighton will witness the shooting for the Blue Riband of the archery world next year.

Last week the Thirty-sixth Annual Meeting of Archers of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, and Wilts was held at Salisbury. This meeting is known as the Grand Western. A still greater meeting will be held at Birkdale, Southport, next Wednesday, namely, the "Great Northern Meeting of Archers of the Ten Northern Counties of England—open to archers of the United Kingdom."

In conclusion it may be interesting to state that at one time the Queen took a great interest in archery. Before her accession to the throne she attended the meetings of the Royal British Bowmen, and actually shot with the St. Leonards Archers, and for some time her Majesty presented a prize annually.

A. H. V.



SOME LADY ARCHERS.

BRITAIN'S BOWMEN BRAVE AND BOLD.



MISS BAGNALL-OAKELEY.



MR. G. E. S. FRYER.



MISS THACKWELL.



MR. G. L. ASTON.

THE WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL OF REIMS.

Reims, capital of the Department of the Marne, is known to all of us, be it only through its sparkling champagne. This we can enjoy without having to move from home; not so the feast of contemplating its incomparable cathedral, which involves the trouble of a journey; well worth the taking, however.

The cathedral, the third in succession on the site of a pagan temple, dates from 1215, "after Frankish architects had gained experience



AN ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AT REIMS CATHEDRAL.

and new ideas," as observes Hunnewell, the American architectural critic, while Viollet-le-Duc says of it that, to form a conception of what a completed cathedral of the thirteenth century should be, that of Reims must be taken as a type. None can fail to be struck with its magnificence of external decoration, honeycombed as the vast structure is with tracery and figures, of which there are upwards of two thousand three hundred, many being of colossal proportions.

The front, flanked at each end with ponderous yet airily constructed towers, and with large central rose window more than forty feet across, Ferguson declares "is perhaps the most beautiful production throughout the Middle Ages, and perhaps no other surpasses it in beauty of proportions and of details."

Of the preceding structures, the original Roman temple, dedicated to Christian worship about the year 400, was superseded in the ninth century by a more ornate construction, which, being destroyed by fire in 1211, a new building on a far larger scale, intended to have seven towers, was commenced; part of this, when approaching completion, more than two centuries after its foundation, was burned down in the great conflagration of 1481, due to the negligence of two workmen, who thus caused the irreparable loss of the central tower, over 260 feet high. Again was the rebuilding actively resumed and continued, King and people contributing, while even to-day the French Government devotes an annual subsidy of a hundred thousand francs to absolutely necessary repairs.

Days could be passed in, so to speak, discovering ever-varied fantastic capitals, humorous faces, and quaint gargoyles, and only last year the work of restoration brought to light the oldest doorway of the building, a Roman carved and painted arch ascribed to the tenth century. The chisellings of the deep West entrance-porches are the productions of one Jean Leloup, who during twelve years' labour gave life to the six hundred figures which illustrate the history of the Redeemer and of his Mother. Among them are large statues of prophets, kings, virgins, martyrs, and quaint bas-reliefs of our first parents, of agricultural implements, and of tools used in the various arts and crafts of the day, all harmoniously introduced and blended together.

The North Porch, of older date than the West, in vigorous carving tells the legend of the two Apostles of the Franks, Nicaise and Remigius. The former, decapitated by the Vandals in the year 407, is portrayed in the centre figure of the three on the left of the porch, with his head in his hands, after the manner of St. Denis. The

statues flanking it represent his sister Euterpe and his guardian angel. The figures to the right of the porch are St. Rémi, or Remigius, with on either side King Clovis and an angel; the central figure between the entrances is St. Sixtus, first Archbishop of Reims. The four tiers of bas-reliefs in the tympanum over the doorway illustrate miraculous incidents of the lives of the two saints. Starting from the lowest line, we observe the martyrdom of Nicaise and his sister, the baptism of Clovis by Remigius, an angel announcing the birth of the future saint Rémi to the monk Montan, who in turn apprises the mother, on whose lap is seen the new-born saint in the act of restoring sight to the aged monk by touching his eyes; further to the right of this second line the saint is represented exorcising a possessed woman and driving off the demons who had set fire to the town of Reims. In the line above, St. Remigius is seen calling back to life and interrogating a testator whose will bequeathing his wealth to the Church is disputed by his relatives. Higher up, the holy man is baptising converts to the faith and in the act of miraculously filling a cask with wine at the banquet of his cousin Celsa; in the topmost angle the glorified saints are kneeling by the Redeemer. The seated figures in the archway are the numerous Bishops of Reims.

By the rose window of this transept are two excellently executed carvings of Adam and Eve, she caressing a dragon with an apple in its mouth.

The southern entrance, less intricate in ornamentation, is remarkable for the allegorical statues on either side of its rose window of the Jewish and Christian religions; the one, blindfolded, a broken sceptre in hand and a crown falling from her head, the other holding a chalice and a standard. The exterior of the apse abounds in niches with graceful winged angels and statues of the forty-two Kings of France crowned in this the Royal Cathedral, among them, Pépin, the great Charlemagne, the short Louis le Gros, and the saintly Louis IX.

The impression realised on entering this "structure worthy of the giants" is a sense of massiveness and height, as well as of harmony of lines, further enhanced at the hour of sunset when the light falls mellowed through thirteenth-century glass of gem-like brilliancy. Among the large tapestries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which hang from the walls, specially noteworthy for richness of colour and variety of costumes of the period are the gifts of the Archbishops Robert de Lenoncourt and Charles de Lorraine, illustrating the life of the Virgin and the battles of King Clovis. The large horloge of fourteenth-century workmanship, showing the quarters of the moon, and with

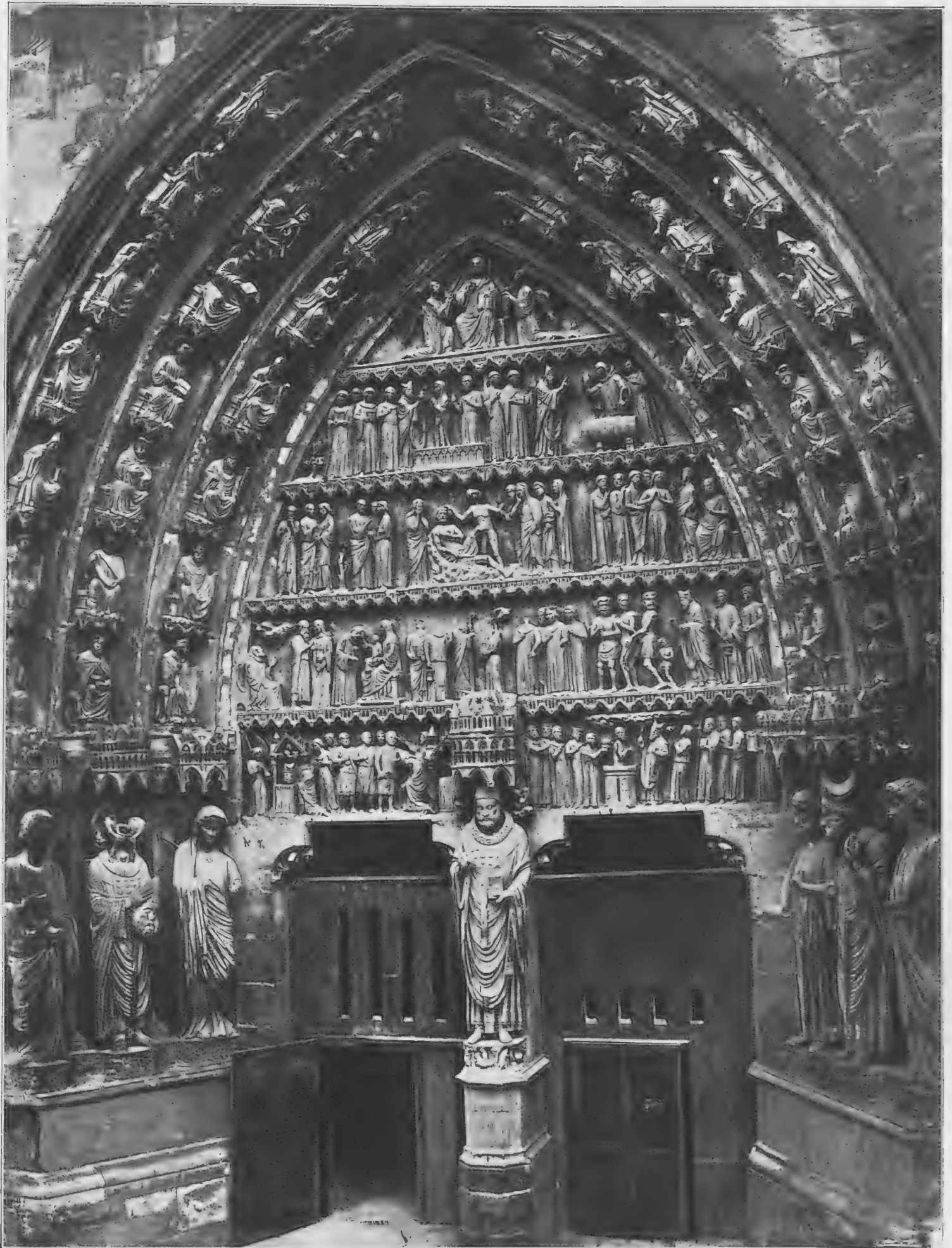


THIS WAS THE MEDIEVAL CHRISTIANS' IDEA OF THE JEWISH RELIGION.

hourly representation of the Flight into Egypt, is pronounced to be the oldest piece of clockwork in existence.

Of the paintings, which appear incongruously out of place in such a building, some are by well-known masters—a "Collecting of Manna in the Desert," by Poussin, a "Jesus and Magdalen," by Titian, and a "Nativity," by Tintoretto, which the beadle calmly informs the visitor is valued at 400,000 francs.

S. N. V.



THIS REMARKABLE PORCH IN REIMS CATHEDRAL IS FIVE CENTURIES OLD. IT TRACES IN SCULPTURE THE HISTORY OF ST. NICAISE AND OF ST. REMIGIUS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN ADVENTURE AT "THE JOLLY FRIARS."

SET FORTH BY JACK WILLOUGHBY, HIGHWAYMAN.

That I became a gentleman of the road was a matter of accident rather than of mine own choice. If the authorities of the university had looked on a freak of my youth with less serious eyes, doubtless I had been ere this a shining light in the Church. It is the Church's loss, not mine, that they refused to regard the affair as merely the outcome of youthful energy, and forthwith took my name off the books. It has been somewhat of a consolation, however, that at various times certain tithes of the Church have found their way into my pocket—for I am a Churchman in spirit and by long descent. After all, when one was full of wine as a butt, it was a small thing to truss up that perky little Professor of the wordy science of Rhetoric, and, tucking him into a barrow, trundle him down the High Street for a wager; but the authorities thought otherwise, and, notwithstanding the influence of my father the Bishop, bade me quit. To myself the proceeding gave no great concern; to his lordship the Bishop it was otherwise; and after one brief, and, I fear, to him distressing, interview, he rang up an attendant, and requested him to show me out of doors.

Twenty minutes later, pistols in holsters and sword by side, I rode from the episcopal palace with rather less idea as to where I was bound for than the butterfly has when it starts its meandering in the morning. But 'twas not morning when I started. 'Twas nearly seven of a shrewd winter's night, and full half the moon was showing in the sky. There was a slight powdering of snow, but a frost of a fortnight long had hardened the roads till they rang like iron 'neath Roddy's hoofs. When I left the house I was in somewhat of a heat, for I take insolent words from no man; but as I came near the cross-roads the humour of the thing took hold of me, and I began to laugh afresh. The old man's face when he had listened to my account of the matter was so lugubriously comical that I had laughed aloud, and 'twas that laugh thus begun, and the which I was now finishing, that had a deal to do with my setting out on my travels.

Still, having had my laugh out, it became a matter of necessity for me to make some choice of road, and, taking it that all roads were much the same to me, I felt in my breeches-pocket for a coin. There was but one left, a guinea, and, turning up the head of his Majesty the King to the moon, I span him in the air—heads for the Southampton Road, tails for the Sarum. It fell heads, and, taking it this was Fate's ordaining, thitherwards I turned old Roddy's head. I had ridden some six miles on the southern road, and was wondering how I was going to keep myself in ease and comfort—for I have an honest dislike to work save of a sort—when on the clear, frosty air from the direction in which I was travelling came the rumble of carriage-wheels, muffled somewhat by the powdering of snow. In a trice the idea slipped into my mind, put there by the devil, I suppose. Here was I, with a single guinea, a pair of double long-barrelled pistols, and a fine sword adapted for either cut or thrust. A fine outfit truly, and obviously the tools were fitted for one trade only; so of a sudden I resolved to try my 'prentice hand. A clump of Scotch firs grew near by, and in the shadow of that I brought Roddy to a standstill and waited. Many thoughts went through my mind in that five minutes of waiting, the chief among them being as to what I should do if it were someone to whom I was known. There were less likely things, and it might even hap that it was some great Churchman journeying to the palace. This idea tickled me hugely, and I laughed softly to myself as I thought of the consternation that would be writ on his lordship the Bishop's face if such a tale should come to his ears.

And now the lumbering carriage drew slowly nearer, and was plainly to be seen on the moonlit road, so I began to make ready for it. Taking one of my pistols from the holsters and holding it in my right hand, I gripped the reins with my left, and, when the coach was well-nigh opposite my hiding-place, I spurred Roddy into the middle of the road, and, presenting my pistol at the postilion, I cried, "Stand, or I fire!"

My fears were that he would not obey, and that I should have to perform my word—a thing I had been loth to do, since it raises the gorge in me to fire on an unarmed man. Five years on the King's highway, however, have proved to me that coach-hands and postilions have a strong instinct of self-preservation, and, speaking generally, I have found them an obedient race. This one was no exception; he obeyed on the instant, pulling up his cattle with so great a jerk as to throw them almost on their haunches.

Immediately I rode to the window, which had been lowered by someone on the carriage coming to a standstill, and, presenting my pistol, commanded them to hand over their valuables, peering in the meanwhile. There was a pair of them—strangers, by the mercy of God, else I had not proceeded with the affair. The gentleman was just waking from a sleep, and, by the light of the moon, it was plain that the lady had been weeping. But the curious thing was that, as I looked upon them, it came into my mind that these two were a newly married pair, though, for the life of me, if that were so, I could not make out the fellow's sleeping, and Madame's weeping. As the man was scarce awake when I pushed my pistol in at the window, I had to repeat—

"Your valuables, please, quick as you can."

The husband, as I guessed him to be, looked more than a trifle disconcerted, and, for the moment, I thought he was about to make resistance, at which I should have been sorry, for it would have pleased me ill to shoot him before Madame. But he looked at the muzzle of the pistol, and I suppose it made him feel cold, for he shivered, and then, quietly enough, though with a rueful look, handed out his purse and began to collect his valuables together. All this time the lady was loosing her trinkets in no very reluctant way, and it struck me she was not ill pleased at my diversion. Four rings she took from her fingers, among them an elegant wedding-ring, that by the look of it was brand-new. She handed them to me with half a smile on her face, and the smile was like sunshine rippling on a clear lake. I selected the wedding-band, and with my most gallant air handed it back to her.

"If it please you, my lady, may I ask you to keep that? An I mistake not, 'tis new."

"Sure it is, sorrow on it! But take it back I will not. 'Twas unwillingly enough I took it the first time."

Here her sloe-black eyes shot fire at the man on the opposite seat.

"Keep it, Captain—or pitch it into the snow." She threw another look at the fellow, and he frowned savagely. Then she continued—

"I would ha' done it myself, an it would ha' undone the rest. But——" At this point the fellow broke in angrily—

"Hold your tongue, Madame; d'ye think I'll stand your flouts before a common robber?"

Now, these words brought the blood to my head, and I was not minded to take them quietly, for by this time I had clean forgot the circumstances of the situation, and overlooked the fact that the word might be true enough of one at my new-gotten trade; so I said fiercely—

"Common robber! 'Sdeath, man, an you don't be more civil in your words, I'll show you which is most the gentleman!"

I still held the pistol, though I would never ha' used it except in fair fight. Yet, as he looked at the glinting of it in the moonlight, I suppose he was cowed, for he fell quiet. I bowed as well as I could to Madame, and said—

"Proceed, I beseech you, my lady."

"But—well, the pity is, it won't."

"I am by no means sure of that," says I.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Shall I pitch it away, Madame, and see? Maybe then the fairies will unwrite the lines."

"Sure, Captain, an you'll be my fairy, you can pitch it where you like."

Her eyes flashed on me for a moment, and I swear I knew the thought in her heart. Then she fetched another look at her husband.

"You honour me greatly. Shall I spin the ring, my lady?"

There was a dare-devil look in her eyes as she glanced at the man in the corner again, and it was plain as noonday that she was in doubt as to how he would take it. Then says she—

"If you'll do me the service."

I looked at my lord. There was fire in his eyes, and it was clear that he kept the mastery of himself only by an effort. Then, taking the ring, I threw it as far as I could over the road, and into the mead at the other side. Turning swiftly, I looked at the pair in the coach again. The black eyes of Madame smiled approval, in a way that promised more than ever her tongue could have found words for. Her husband sat glowering, but kept the mastery of himself in spite of the insult, and, with a sneer on his face, he said in a cool, even way—

"When you ha' finished your fooling, sirrah, we'll drive on!"

Now I am ever a trifle hot on the impulse, and, by that same token, am never long in reaching a decision. And when at her husband's word I saw Madame's cheek blanch, and a sudden look of fear come into her eyes, and as quickly go, my mind was made up that the adventure should not end here.

"Nay, my lord," says I, cool as ever he was himself; "I am minded to sup, and as I ha' little liking for a lonely table, I had resolved to ask ye to do me the honour."

I saw in a twinkling that my lady would be in no way backward, and that her husband liked it ill. Still, for all that, my mind was made up.

"You do us much honour, and I regret to have to ask you to excuse us," says he. There was the same cool sarcasm in the words and voice, and it touched me to sudden heat; yet, outwardly cool, I spoke up.

"But by your leave I must press you to do me the honour."

"You will wait long before we do you the honour—by my leave." Still in the cool, jibing voice.

"Then for sure," said I, "you'll ha' to come without it."

The smile in my lady's eyes was a treat to see. For myself, I was wondering all the time however a man could keep so cool; still, on reflection, I am reminded that there is something mighty cooling in a pistol-muzzle held close by your head. Madame not demurring, I tossed the other trinkets into her lap, and spoke to the postboy.

Near by where we were stopped, and something under a mile away, and a little off the highway, there lies an inn that goes by the name of "The Jolly Friars," and thither, under my directions, we made the best of our way. Arrived there, I was no little surprised to see my gentleman step out mighty cool, and in a courtly way reach out a hand to help out



MISS HILDA MOODY AS ANTONIA IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

She is a Cornishwoman, the youngest of a family of thirteen, which has provided the musical world with two sopranos, two contraltos, and two professional musicians. One of her sisters, Miss Fanny Moody (the wife of Mr. Charles Minners), is the well-known Grand Opera singer; another, Miss Lily Moody, is on the concert platform. The picture is by El's.

Madame. If it had been I she had flouted so vilely, she might have gone to the devil before I had done her the turn; still, I make no doubt 'twas because he knew her distaste to him that my lord did the thing. The host of the "Friars" was well known to me, and conducted us into a spacious, well-lighted room, where a fine fire of logs burned on the hearth. After the cold outside, 'twas cosy and cheerful enough, and it pleased me well to see Madame doff her out-of-door things, and take a chair near by the fire, that cool hand her husband keeping well to the other side, where he sat frowning at the blazing logs.

'Twas a trying time between our arrival and the laying of the dinner. I was more than a little uncomfortable, for my lord sat glowering into the fire, speaking never a word; but from my lady I learned that she was a Crown ward, whom Old Rowley had disposed of in his usual manner by selling to the highest bidder. They were but newly married that morning, much against the lady's will, who hated her groom to the point of detesting him. The new-made husband, Lord Shornby, not to put too fine an edge on it, was well on the further side of thirty, but ill to look upon, and, so far as I could make out, none too burdened with guineas, so that my lady's dowry was no little prize for him. She was a radiant, dark-browed creature, shapely of figure, neatly curved in the shoulders and neck, and with the promise of a well-turned ankle in the foot which peeped out from her petticoats as she warmed her feet at the hearth.

But the eyes of her were the marvel. I have seen other eyes as large and equally bright, but never have I seen eyes that were half so speaking as Madame's. Every flash was more eloquent than purposeful words. They spoke a delicious language too—languishing looks that made my blood-leap and started my thoughts a-jogging in a fashion that had little to do with my new-found trade. Dinner being served, there came a sudden change in my Lord of Shornby's manner. He laid by his churlishness, and became of a sudden so gracious and courtly as to make me wonder what on earth he was after; and twice, when he thought my eyes were elsewhere engaged, I caught him smiling to himself in a way that, had I not been so taken up with Madame, would have told me there was something brewing that I did not fall to. Mine host of the "Friars" knows how to furnish a table, and I think we all did ample credit to the repast. One thing during the meal, however, gave me a slight turn. The landlord, at my order, brought up a couple of his best and oldest port, and says he to me as he drew the corks—

"'Twas laid in the bin the very year your father was made Bishop, sir."

Notwithstanding I have a certain possession of myself in trying moments, I felt my cheek flame as I replied coolly—

"An that be so, 'twill keep up the repute of the 'Friars' excellently well."

I was hoping the landlord's remark would be unnoticed by my guests, when Shornby broke in with that cool, even voice of his—

"Gad! and that brings to my mind that we have not the pleasure of knowing our host's name, though we have the privilege of his company."

I bowed calmly as I could as I replied—

"Jack Willoughby of Winchester."

"Then Master Jack Willoughby—of Winchester" (he paused long between the words), "may I ask you to join in a toast with me, 'His Gracious Majesty the King'?"

At the same time he was on his feet. I stood, as also did Madame, and clinked my glass first with Shornby and then with his wife.

"The King!" said Shornby and myself in a breath.

"Old Rowley, Matchmaker-in-Ordinary!" cries her ladyship.

Then we drank. 'Twas my turn now, and looking first at Madame, and then at Shornby, I stood to my feet, and, louting low to the pair, I cried, "To the fairest woman in or out of town—the Lady of Shornby!" Shornby got to his feet, and, though there was an evil look in his eyes, smilingly clinking with me, he cries—

"My Lady of Shornby!"

Her ladyship laughed in a very merry fashion, and, plying me with her eyes, says—

"You flatter me greatly, Captain Jack."

"Not in the least, my lady."

"Then you think Shornby has the worth of his money?"

Shornby's eyes had a black look that did me good to see as I bowed to Madame.

"Slife! but 'tis a merry bargain for him."

"You think a thousand guineas not too much for me?" Her eyes still drew me on.

"Ten times the sum were too little, an even 'twere for yourself alone, which, I trow, 'tis not."

"Right you are, Captain Jack. I ha' a fortune, with a fair estate."

"My Lord of Shornby is a lucky man."

'Tis to be supposed the "Friars" port was good, for she laughed as she cried—

"And an ugly one."

"As ugly as the devil, an you like it, my lady," says I, bending to her whim. She laughed in a merry way at the words, but Shornby started to his feet, kicking the chair over in his rage, and cried—

"Sdeath! but I'll bide with your flouts no longer. Draw, my gentleman robber, or I'll kill ye where ye sit."

'Twas in my mind that he might have got to this pass long ago; and, cool as the snow outside, I got to my feet and bowed.

"Before my lady?"

"My lady be damned!" he shouts. "Are ye a white-liver?"

I fetched a swift look at Madame. The blood was in her cheeks, and her black eyes said to me as plain as a king's warrant, "Kill him—kill him." 'Twas enough. The next minute we were out in the room exchanging passes with each other. At the first pass I knew that he understood the use of his weapon, and he handled it in a way that was pretty to see, playing cool as ice; for all that there was a mad rage showing in his face. I used my weapon with all caution at first, being anxious to learn his strength, and he fought with equal care, giving a look of surprise when I tried him with a swift pass which Master Barlow had taught me at Oxford. He understood the movement, and foiled me with great skill, and for fully five minutes we fought without advantage on either side. Once, as we edged round the room, I caught a look at Madame for the length of a second. She was sat, leaning forward, the red lips parted, her face pale as a lily, but with an eager, anxious look in the splendid eyes. A moment later, Shornby drew the first blood. By a quick movement, I tried to tip the rapier out of his hand, but he was too smart for me, and, a second later, had pinked me in the arm. I pressed him hard after that, being in no little heat over it; but he was cool as ever, and, parrying a lunge of mine excellently well, swiftly touched me again—in the left shoulder this time—and laughed softly to himself. But my lady, seeing this, out with a sobbing "Oh!" audible to both of us. 'Twas this, I suppose, that upset him, for there came a black look on his face and he began to play angrily, lunging savagely, with little of his former care. Once—twice—thrice, he tried, but the fourth time I had him, and stepping just in the least to one side, his rapier slipped by me, and mine, taking him in the breast, by the force of his own lunge, passed clean through him and out at the other side. From its position, it must have touched his heart, and, dropping his weapon on the instant, with a single groan he fell, and a second later all life was gone from him.

Wiping my sword, I glanced at Lady Shornby. Her face was pale, and for the moment I thought she was for fainting. But she pulled herself together with a shuddering look at the thing on the floor, and the thanks were in her eyes as I began—

"I regret the necessity—" At this point there came the deuce of a rapping at the outer door of the "Friars," and then loud voices came up the stairs, among them that of mine host, protestingly.

"A highwayman in my house—be hanged! There's only the Bishop's son, with company of his."

I slipped to the door and shot the bolt softly.

"'Tis true enough," came another voice. "Lord Shornby sent his postboy for help, and go we must."

There were steps on the stairs. I moved towards the window, looking at Madame.

"I'm afraid you must excuse me, my lady."

"Must you go?" says she, the dare-devil smile coming into her eyes.

"I am afraid I must, my lady," says I, smiling back, and throwing open the window, at which the air came in draughtily. What put the idea into my head I know not, but I drew a ring from my finger and handed it to her.

"An you like 'twill do for the one I flung away for you."

She said never a word, but placed it on her finger, looking me in the eyes with a smiling challenge meanwhile. But the steps and voices were on the landing, and there was not time, so I slipped on to the window-ledge with an "Au revoir," to which she waved her hand in answer.

I heard the door burst open as I dropped into the soft snow under the window, and a moment later I was riding down the road, thanking my stars for the forethought which had led me to have Roddy left in the stables saddled and ready for the road.

THE ROSE-GARDEN.

When you live in the country, with nothing to do,
And think that each hour is longer than two,
Then take from an expert the best of all tips,
And water your roses with quassia chips.

When age is advancing, and youth is no more,
When pleasures and palaces seem but a bore,
When conscience torments you with scorpion whips,
Then water your roses with quassia chips.

When fate has deprived you of pittance or hoard,
When a horse you haven't the means to afford,
When you're worried with bicycle saddles and clips,
Then water your roses with quassia chips.

When I long for the punt up at Henley or Staines,
Where once I was counted the Chief of your swains,
When I wish to forget the delight of your lips,
Then I water my roses with quassia chips!



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS THE SORCERESS IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

BJÖRNSON IN HIS MOUNTAIN HOME.

A few days ago the news was telegraphed from Norway that M. Zola had arrived at Bergen, and was on his way to visit Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the well-known Norwegian poet and dramatist, who has so



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF BJÖRNSON.

often of late taken up the cudgels on behalf of his French *confrère* in the Dreyfus case. Bjørnson, as the author of those charming stories of Norwegian peasant life, "Synnöve Solbakken," &c., is now well known in England, but we have heard little or nothing about his daily life and about his beautiful home among the Norwegian mountains. The following description of Auléstad will therefore be of interest to his many admirers in this country.

Bjørnson has for many years lived a good deal abroad—in France, Italy, and Tyrol, but he prefers to spend the summer at his beloved Auléstad and among the brave and sturdy peasantry whose life and character he has so well described in his works. Auléstad is situated on the eastern slope of the beautiful Gausdal Valley, about ten English miles north of Lillehammer, a small town at the head of Lake Mjøsen. This side of the valley slopes gently down to the River Gausa, and, as far as the eye can reach, there are extensive tracts of cultivated land, dotted here and there with the gaily painted farmsteads of the well-to-do peasantry of the district, while the other side is steep and thickly studded with pine-trees, presenting a dark and sombre contrast to the bright and smiling landscape opposite.

It is now about twenty-four years since Bjørnson bought Auléstad. The dwelling-house was then a large two-storeyed building in the ordinary style of Norwegian farmhouses, but this was soon transformed into a comfortable and pleasant modern country house with balconies in the upper storey and a verandah all round the ground floor of the house.

Bjørnson's study, a large and spacious room, is situated in the second storey, its windows overlooking the greater part of the valley. On the walls are paintings by Norwegian artists and a number of photographs, and the book-shelves are well filled with books and pamphlets on most of the great questions of the day.

Outside the study is a pleasant ante-room full of book-cases and pictures, from which the visitor makes his way to the hall below and from whence he enters the large and charming sitting-room, tastefully decorated with plants, pictures,

and nicknacks. On the opposite side of the hall is the entrance to the dining-room. The large table extends nearly the whole length of the room, and here the family and their guests take their meals in good old Norwegian style. At the head of the table sit Bjørnson and his wife. One might almost imagine himself a thousand years back in one of the halls of the old Jarls, for Bjørnson is a splendid representative of the old Norseman; his fine, broad-shouldered figure, with the noble head and white hair, looks the very picture of a Norse chieftain.

Bjørnson is an early riser and a great believer in "living with the sun." He thinks that the way in which the dwellers in the large cities "turn night into day" is the cause of many of our modern diseases. After an early breakfast, the poet is generally to be found in the ante-room reading his letters and the latest news from the great world beyond his peaceful valley. The present writer has often discovered him in the mornings walking up and down the room, with a newspaper between his outstretched arms, his face beaming with delight, while a hearty laugh or a loud outburst of admiration announced the pleasure he felt at reading about some fresh victory of the Liberal Party in his own country or of the success of some progressive movement abroad. Bjørnson takes a great interest in the politics of Norway, and has done much to stir up the old independent spirit of the Norsemen among his countrymen. As soon as he has finished reading, he takes a stroll round the farm, and spends some time in conversation with any guests that may be staying there and with the people working on the farm. He then goes to his study, and remains there, hard at work, the greater part of the forenoon.

About noon, Bjørnson proceeds to take his bath in a small river close to the house. "It is the finest shower-bath in the world," he generally explains to his visitors, and of this there can be no doubt. The river, at this part of its course through his property, consists almost entirely of a number of small waterfalls, and from one of these a volume of water has been led through a conduit supported on lofty spars, the water discharging itself at a considerable height just above a wooden platform, and descending with a terrible force upon the bather.

After dinner Bjørnson takes half-an-hour's nap, and then joins his family on the verandah, where the coffee is served and where a lively conversation is kept up for some time. Round this table all the burning questions of the day are discussed with that fire and enthusiasm which is characteristic of all members of the Bjørnson family. Later in the afternoon the poet takes a long walk round the estate or to the neighbouring farms, where he is always a welcome guest. After his walk, he resumes work in his study, where he remains till the evening meal is ready, after which he gives himself up entirely to his family and friends. Sometimes he will read aloud passages of any book or article he may be engaged upon, or a chapter or two from some new book which he has received. As a reader or orator Bjørnson has few equals. Gifted with a wonderfully melodious voice which he knows so well how to modulate, he fairly enthralled his audience, and when at any point his subject rouses him to a passion of fervour, it is like a burst of thunder in the room, his powerful voice electrifying his hearers as that of no other speaker I have heard.

Sometimes the company will settle down on the verandah in one or more groups to enjoy the light summer nights and the soft, balmy air, while light refreshments are handed round. I look back with much pleasure upon these delightful evenings on the verandah. Before us lies the immense valley, bathed in the beautiful mystic twilight of the North, while borne to us on the wings of the evening breeze comes the murmur of the distant river, mingled with the lowing of the cows and the tinkling of their bells. An air of peace and happiness rests over the whole landscape; Nature has gone to sleep, the conversation dies away, all are impressed by the grandeur of the scene and give themselves up to quiet meditation and enjoyment of the Northern night. H. L. B.



"AULESTAD," BJÖRNSON'S HOME IN NORWAY.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

To all painters who reach a certain eminence in their art there comes an hour when they approach very closely to the sacred gates of the Royal Academy for admission to Associateship; if the hour passes, and there comes a change in the fashionable sentiment of the moment, the painter may go on producing excellent work, but Academical honours, like so many shuttlecocks, get tossed elsewhere and in many other directions; and, though the vagaries of change may bring them round to him again, you have for the moment an instinctive feeling that a chance has gone by, and that for the moment a particular painter does not represent the modern sentiment which admits this or that young artist to Academic honours.

Ten years or so ago, for instance, the chances of Associateship were quite proximate, one would have said, to Mr. S. E. Waller, the painter of "Brush and Comb," a picture from the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, and reproduced here. He painted well in the Academic manner of the time. He still paints well in that manner. His pictures were well known, more widely in the engraving than in their original form. His horses were admirable, and his subjects extremely popular. Certainly he was and is in this respect no whit inferior to Mr. Marcus Stone, whose popularity arose probably from very similar causes, and upon whose head the full glories of the Academy shone and shine to-day. Newlyn was scarcely recognised, was barely known save as a Cornish town where a few painters seriously cultivated the outcome of a strait training in modern French schools.

That was the time when Mr. Waller might have looked for his A.R.A.; but the time passed which may, however, return, but which during all this period has practically put him out of the running, despite his indubitable merits and his great popularity. For these things depend less upon merit and popularity than upon the appropriate turn of momentary fashion. Newlyn came forward with a rush. It had been supposed that Newlyn desired no traffic with the Academy, that its chaste ideals soared far beyond such mundane matters; but—although to the end Lord Leighton never accepted with his full judgment the work of Newlyn artists—the Academy opened its doors to the new manner, and the new artists were very willing to accept the favours that flowed through those open doors.

Mr. Waller, then, though he has never acquired the right to those coveted mystical letters, is a clear and clever exponent of a kind of art which is cultivated to-day by many of the elder Academicians. He has a lucid and intelligent knowledge of that which he purposes to paint, and he leaves the result in no mystery or doubt. He is an excellent draughtsman, as a rule, though one can perhaps recall one or two passages in the drawing of the human figure in one or two of his pictures in which

he shows a certain irresolution and weakness. In this picture, "Brush and Comb," at any rate, the drawing throughout is firm and secure, and there is a quiet little element of humour in it which is perfectly legitimate, although such an effect is rare enough in animal pictures—a medium through which most artists with a facile brush usually indulge in wild freaks of anything but animal humour.

Mr. Will Rothenstein, having completed his series of lithographic drawings of eminent contemporaries, the collection has now been published in a single volume by Mr. Grant Richards. In it Mr. Rothenstein reveals both his strength and his weakness. Sometimes the likenesses are nothing short of marvellous, and sometimes, too, he conveys a subtle sentiment of character and of personal significance. This is particularly the case with the drawing of Mr. Bernard Shaw and—though not quite to the same extent, perhaps—with that of Professor Villiers Stanford. Mr. W. E. Henley has evidently been an attractive sitter to Mr. Rothenstein, who gives you, with evident gusto, the fighting side of the brilliant



BRUSH AND COMB.—FROM THE PICTURE BY S. E. WALLER, AND REPRODUCED BY LEOPOLD LOWENSTAM.

Now on Exhibition at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.

By permission of Messrs. Brooks, the Proprietors of the Copyright

journalist and essayist rather than the tender quality of the poet. One of the least successful portraits, perhaps, is that of Mrs. Meynell, which does not seem to me even to approach the borders of being a good likeness, while that of Mr. Cunninghame-Graham is probably as admirable as the other is disappointing. I should be inclined to say generally that, so far as he has gone in the art of portraiture, Mr. Rothenstein's cleverness somewhat outstrips his technical ability. He has at times a perfectly marvellous capacity for catching a likeness, and that most useful acquirement at these times overcolours a certain weakness in his purely manual achievement. His, however, are faults which the excellence of so much in his work proves to be rather accidental and inessential than part of his artistic make-up.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS THE SORCERESS IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Miss Tempest made her first "hit" as the heroine to whom Mr. Hayden Coffin sang "Queen of My Heart To-Night," in "Dorothy," at the Lyric Theatre, twelve years ago. She went to America in 1891 to stay four months; she remained four years, returning to London, to appear in "An Artist's Model," in 1895. She has recently married Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, nephew of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. He is known on the stage as "Cosmo Stuart," and is thirty years old to day. The picture is by Ellis.



MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT.

Miss Wright, who thrilled London by her interpretation of the boy Stephamus in "The Sign of the Cross" was born and bred to the stage. Her father, Mr. Fred Wright, was one of the pioneers of touring in the country. Her mother (née Miss Francis) was an actress. Her brother Huntley made "The Geisha" all the brighter by his amusing picture of the Chinaman, and is now in "A Greek Slave." Another brother, Fred, is now appearing in "A Runaway Girl," at the Gaiety. A third brother, Bertie, will shortly appear in "Tommy Todd," at the Globe. Her sister Marie was till recently in one of Mr. Oscar Barrett's companies. Miss Haidee Wright herself is a novelist. One of her stories has appeared in "The Sketch." The picture is by Ellis.

THE TWO EMERALDS.

It was Pat Feenly who named them, and he did it well, for they are as rare as emeralds, and as pretty and bright as emeralds, if not quite so green. But their true name is O'Shay—Monie and Eleanor—and by the same token you'll know they are Irish, if you didn't already suspect it by their quick wits. Miss Monie aims a smile that carries swiftly and



THE EMERALDS.

Photo by Messrs. Hoare, Swansea.

surely straight to the top gallery of the Middlesex, enfilading the stalls, exploding in the pit, and devastating hearts like shrapnel; but it is a kind of happy-baby smile, too, of the sort that becomes an Irish lass with *cuiré* hair and brown eyes. The smile of your Miss Eleanor is a trace more wicked, for she is a blue-eyed, black-haired witch of sixteen; she can cock her head on one side and shoot off a little laugh like a pop-gun, if you are so fortunate as to amuse her. "Ho!" says Eleanor. She is a little quicker of tongue and gesture than her dimpled sister, who, after all, is so very, very pretty that she doesn't have to be good unless she wants to. She doesn't have to open her lips either (except to show a row of teeth as white as new piano-keys), for her eyes can talk in seven languages—all modern. Miss Eleanor's eyes, however, speak in an *argot* of delicious *gaminerie*. She is astonishingly young, for, as she says, she "hasn't got any 'past' to tell!"

The two original Emerald sisters have been cut and set—married, in short, as these two little Emeralds will be soon, I fancy; Monie first, by all signs, "but not to a 'pro.," for they know too much about the business." When she is gone there is a still littler Emerald to help Eleanor keep up the family prestige.

They can both paint—really, Eleanor has copied a photograph of Anna Held, in pencil, and coloured it, too! The gown was pink (she had to guess at that), the chair was mauve and gold (like any photographer's chair as ever was), and the hair was black! Eleanor doesn't care too much for reading; she would prefer to bicycle, but Monie—"Why, she almost *eats* books!" Marie Corelli, of course, and Ouida; you know the rest. She is going to make a great name for herself—Gipsy Lee told her so at Brighton; but she must look out for a "dark gentleman" who has designs, and a "fair man" who will give her warning. Surely a little warning at this part of her career will do Monie, or, for that matter, any other girl of nineteen as pretty as Monie, no harm, especially if she's Irish, with a lurking imp of mischief in her eye!

They are much at home on the stage, having begun early, as is usual with little song-and-dance "pros," and they talk to each other during their turn without embarrassment. "How many verses shall we do?" says Eleanor. "Only two," says Monie; "they're so noisy in front. Hear that pig laugh!" And so on, like negroes dancing a breakdown. They are "quick studies," and can learn a new song in ten minutes. They taught themselves to dance, though "Dada was a dancer, too."

When you propose marriage to Monie, she only laughs. If you are very much "gone," you offer yourself twice, and Monie laughs again. It certainly must be a mitigation of a man's misery, and it makes it very easy for Monie. She has had to laugh very often, for men will be silly. I only hope Monie will laugh when the "dark gentleman" comes with his proposal!

GELETT BURGESS.

A SUMMER SURPRISE.

"YOU!" This was the remark that jumped (fell would be too meek a term, and leapt perhaps a better one) from my lips and those of pretty Miss Ethel Matthews the other afternoon (writes a *Sketch* representative), when I met her on the Boulevard Montmartre.

"What are you doing in Paris—Ah, Howdy, B.?" as I noticed her brother, who accompanied her. Lucky brother!

"What do most women do in Paris? I'm buying frocks, of course, and being photographed."

"Who are going to clothe your charms, and who to portray them, Miss Matthews?" I asked.

"Now you are at your interviewing tricks again, and I won't be interviewed. It's too hot, and I haven't anything to tell you that *The Sketch* would care to print. You may come up to Reutlinger's with me, if you like, though, and we'll see whether the photos are ready."

As we went up in the lift, I profited by the slow progress of the vehicle to extract the information from Miss Matthews that she was soon to appear at the Comedy in London in a *lever de rideau* which Charles Brookfield is writing for her, and which is to go on at once before "Lord and Lady Algy." I also learned, to my great delight, that she has some idea of appearing in Paris before very long in an entirely new kind of play without many words; but with regard to what it was, and where it is to be, even as to whether there was any certainty of the escapade taking place at all, I could learn nothing.

"You may send my photo to *The Sketch*, if you like," she said, "and you may tell them that Reutlinger has flattered me a little."

This I do under protest, for I think myself that the well-known artist has never turned out a more masterly likeness. He certainly never had a prettier model.

Mr. Max Cross, the clever young son of that able actor, Mr. Julian Cross, has painted the scenery for Mr. Penley's regular tour with "A Little Ray of Sunshine," which has just started. Mr. Julian Cross, it may be noted, has been playing the bell-ringer, James Pengarth, at



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

Hammersmith, in Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Sutton Vane's fine romantic drama, "The Bell-Ringer." This play was most successfully produced at Islington, the week before Bank Holiday by Mr. John A. Atkin, of "Grip of Iron" fame, and his company, including Miss Louise Moodie and Mr. Hugh Montgomery, are making a round of the suburban theatres. The play first came out at Manchester, in March

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S NEW NOVEL.*

A clergyman with a past is almost as piquant a subject for a novel as a woman with a past, since both are what Sir Benjamin Backbite called "valetudinarians in reputation"; and in Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's "As a Man Lives" we have at once a clergyman with two pasts and a woman with one. The clergyman, a middle-aged widower with two daughters, flies from one of his pasts to a country living, only to find the lady who shared this past his nearest neighbour. Hardly had he recovered from the shock of this discovery when the third partner of this mysterious past appears upon the scene to summon the Canon to London. In London he stayed so long as to make his daughters anxious about the Sunday duty, and even about himself, and this anxiety is increased in the mind of the elder girl, the heroine and narrator of the story, by the discovery that both her nearest neighbour, the mysterious lady, and the guest of another neighbour, a millionaire just arrived from South America, were involved in the dark business which hurried her father to London. She is not much relieved by her father's return in time to take the service and to preach a critical sermon in the audience of his Bishop upon which his promotion depended, since an hour before church-time her father encounters the South American stranger, who exhibits all the terror of imminent death at sight of the Canon. As the two walk off together the heroine has a fearful foreboding of an impending tragedy. Nevertheless, her father turned up in time for the service, and preached before the Bishop a sermon upon "The wages of sin is death," which moved even his lordship. Its subject was certainly startling—"that all things pass away save sin: Sin alone is eternal"—but it was its heart-searching treatment of this subject which thrilled alike young and old, literate and illiterate, the fools who came to scoff and the saints who came to pray. The close of this soul-piercing discourse was sensationally interrupted. As the preacher spoke of death—spiritual and physical—death itself seemed to stand in the church. A man staggered up the aisle, "the red blood dripping from his clothing upon the bare stone floor, a foam which was like the foam of death at his lips. He stood there, the focus of all horrified eyes, swaying to and fro as though on the eve of collapse, his arms outstretched, and his eyes flashing red fire upon the thin, almost spectral-like figure of the preacher, now leaning over towards him from the pulpit. Just as the churchwardens reached him, the cry which his lips had twice declined to utter burst out upon the tense, breathless silence. He made a convulsive movement forward, as though to spring like a wild cat upon that calm, dignified figure looking down upon him with unfaltering, unflinching gaze: 'Judas! you Judas! Oh, my God!'" The rest was silence, for then and there the man died. No one but his daughter, the mysterious lady, and her friend the Squire, had reason to suspect the Canon of the murder, or even to suspect his intimacy with the murdered man, and whatever suspicions might have been excited by the dying denunciation of the stranger were lulled to rest by the imperturbable bearing of the preacher. "The man is dead," he said quietly. "There must have been an accident or a fight. No one seems to know where he came from." And when the Bishop expressed his wonder at the man's passing cottages and the vicarage to stagger into the church, the Canon suggested gravely that he might have been struggling for sanctuary. Nor, again, when the heroine asked him if the dying man's denunciation was addressed to him and was deserved by him, was her father in the very least disquieted. He merely suggested that the man was mad, and requested his daughter—for the sake of a nameless third person—to keep secret the fact of his meeting with the murdered man an hour before the commission of the crime. This promise the heroine gave with chill reluctance, being pained and puzzled by her father's refusal to take her

altogether into his confidence. As the three persons who had reasons to suspect the Canon of the murder had reasons also to keep this suspicion to themselves, and as the wonderful sermon had gained for him promotion which would remove him from the country, he had every hope of an unshadowed life in the future. But, at this point, the sister of the murdered man comes upon the scene; driven on at once by jealousy and by the thirst for revenge to hunt down the Canon. This impulsive young woman falls frenziedly in love with the hero, who is no less frenziedly in love with the heroine, which whets the lady's vindictive desire to bring home the guilt of her brother's murder to the father of her rival. As, however, her love is even stronger than her jealousy or her thirst for vengeance, she proposes to the heroine to take no step for the hunting down of the Canon, upon condition that the heroine would discourage the hero's addresses, and—if he still persisted to the point of a proposal—would reject him. Thus the heroine is brought face to face with this dilemma—to sacrifice either her love or her father. She does not hesitate for a moment to accept the offer of her rival, and save her father at the cost of her own happiness. She at first discourages, and at last rejects the suit of the hero, only to find that the sacrifice was made in vain, either on her rival's account or upon her father's. For the hero rejects, even with roughness and scorn, the fervid advances of her rival, who, exasperated by the rejection, renews with feller purpose than before her tracking down of the Canon. But, besides unhappiness in her love and her anxiety about her father, the heroine at this point of the story has to bear, and bears with a noble magnanimity, a third trouble—the discovery of her illegitimacy. The woman with a past, their mysterious neighbour, was a "woman who did." Having strong views about the slavery and iniquity of marriage, she declined to go through any ceremony of the sort with the heroine's father in the days of his enthusiastic youth. In those days he did all he could to induce her to marry him—fortunately for him, in vain; since, being cold, calculating, and matter of fact, she soon wearied of his enthusiasms, and, upon his taking a sudden resolution to enter the ministry, quitted him for a more congenial lover. The heroine was the offshoot of this early entanglement of the Canon's, but was brought up—an Ugly Duckling—as the daughter of his second and lawful love, and as the sister of her mild offspring.

Thus at the point of the story we have reached the heroine finds herself the illegitimate daughter of a Canon who seems to be within

measurable distance of the gallows. How the extremely ingenious and complex knot thus tied by the author is no less ingeniously unravelled must be left to the reader to discover for himself, since the interest of the book, always keen and sometimes absorbing, is due to some extent to a puzzle so admirably planned as to defy the penetration of the most experienced novel-reader.

"LE CŒUR SOLITAIRE."

We admire books written by youth, not only for their actual contents, but also for the promise they contain. "Le Cœur Solitaire," by M. Charles Guérin, is one of this kind. The author is already known as a political writer. His first book, "Le Sang des Crépescules," is perhaps more loud in its tone than the present work. Since that time he has not grown old, but merely ripened. This young poet, for whom a brilliant future is likely, is neither monotonous nor weak; but he is sad, perhaps because the youth itself of the present day is sad. In his most recent work, M. Guérin not only expresses his own personal sentiments, but those of his age and generation as well. Among these are the names of M. Albert Samain, M. François Jammes, M. Henri Barbusse—elegiac poets they may be called, who positively suffer from the realistic prose of our day. One is even astonished that the beloved master, Sully Prudhomme, does not acknowledge some affinity with these men.



MR. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Photo by Burton, Leicester.

* "As a Man Lives." By Phillips Oppenheim. London: Ward, Lock, and Co.

VANISHING EDINBURGH.

ALLAN RAMSAY AND LADY STAIR.

Scott's "own romantic town" has had a good deal of the poetry and romance taken out of it during recent years. A notable change was brought about by the extensive improvement scheme of Provost Chambers, which had the effect of greatly ameliorating the sanitary conditions of the city. The limits of Edinburgh, during its troubled ancient history, were rigorously defined by the exigencies of self-defence, so that the accommodation of the multiplying population could be provided for only by building skyward. Hence the "deep-piled and massive" aspect of the Old Town, to which Scott refers in the famous descriptive passage of "Marmion." An eminent medical authority in Edinburgh, who has now passed away, declared that these piles of building should be regarded not as houses, but as "streets set up on end." The resulting density of population and indifference to the elementary conditions of proper sanitation produced street odours rivalling in pungency those attributed to Cologne. The task of bringing about a better state of things has involved the pulling down of many interesting old landmarks, and a new holocaust is called for by the scheme on which North Bridge Street has to be widened, to make it an adequate entrance to the new North Bridge.

Under the scheme mentioned, the house associated with the career of Allan Ramsay is now in process of entire demolition. The picture shows the house as it has been for many years past; but originally it was a couple of storeys higher, and its front terminated in two high-peaked gables. Here Allan Ramsay passed the busiest and most memorable years of his career, and his more notable publications were issued from this house, "At the Sign of the Flying Mercury." Here Ramsay, in the intervals of his wig-making business, essayed those poetic flights the public reception of which led him to flatter himself that, besides trimming the outsides of his customers' heads, he might do something towards their internal furnishing. It is a mistake into which the biographers of the poet have followed each other to speak of the circulating library he set on foot as the first that had been known in Scotland. The first was one established in Ramsay's native place, Leadhills, before he left it for Edinburgh; and, no doubt, the success of the Leadhills venture had led him to essay a similar enterprise in Edinburgh. But to his poems, not to his library, Allan Ramsay owed the fame he achieved at "the Sign of the Flying Mercury"; and it is of these poems that people have been accustomed to think when they looked up at the old house now disappearing. In it he wrote and



ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.

Photo by Inglis, Edinburgh.



THE HOUSE WHICH LORD ROSEBERY HAS RESTORED.

Photo by Horsburgh, Princess Street, Edinburgh.

published "The Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral that was received in city and country with an enthusiasm that called for edition after edition, and the popularity of which survives to this day. The great blocks of buildings, both on the north and on the south side of the junction of North Bridge Street with High Street, have to come down, and Milne Square, which is included in one block on the north side, contains, among other historical features, the sunk shop, or cellar, in which the Treaty of Union was signed, the Commissioners, it is said, having had to retreat before a menacing populace and seek this shelter for themselves and their transaction.

The other picture shows the erection that Lord Rosebery has placed on the site of the ancient mansion of Lady Stair, who was in her time a great Society leader in the Northern metropolis. The house became classic through the dramatic traditional reminiscences of it embodied in Sir Walter Scott's "Aunt Margaret's Mirror." The narrow alley in which it is situated, known as "Lady Stair's Close," in the early days of the Earthen Mound became one of the chief accesses between the New Town and the Lawnmarket. Lady Stair, as Viscountess Primrose, was a collateral ancestress of Lord Rosebery, who some time ago acquired her old mansion, and has restored it so as to embody an interesting reproduction of the ancient domestic architecture of Edinburgh. The lady's first husband, Viscount Primrose, was a dissipated, reckless, and violent man, who used his wife so badly that she had to fly for her life, taking shelter with her husband's mother. The Viscount came by an early and violent death, and the young widow was married to the Earl of Stair, whom also she survived. She was a lady of much force of character, and accustomed to express herself in language more vigorous than polished. It is understood that Lord Rosebery has it in contemplation to make the restored house available for benevolent public use, much as Allan Ramsay's old house on the Castlehill, or rather, the pile of surrounding buildings in which it has been swallowed up, is in use as a most suitable home for art, literary, and lady students. Lord Rosebery's wise liberality is at once a tribute and a stimulant to the growing disposition in Edinburgh to have its necessary re-erections so far as possible modelled in the old characteristic style of the country. The Castle Rock has been grievously disfigured by the great factory-looking erections on its south and west summits; but the new buildings now in progress on the south-west front of the Rock are characteristic specimens of the Scottish style.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"FOUR WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE, NOR IRON BARS A CAGE."

SOME PRIZE GREYHOUNDS.

These dogs are not generally understood as ladies' pets, yet Mrs. Downes, who has a very considerable kennel of them, has inculcated in their doggy breasts such obedience and affection for herself that they are as companionable and manageable as more diminutive pets.



MRS. DOWNES WITH CHORUS GIRL, ORTHODOX, AND DRAGOON GUARD.

Of course, Mrs. Downes thinks them still more interesting and clever than other dogs, and it is a pretty sight to see half-a-dozen or more of these lithe, graceful hounds galloping with long, undulating stride over a stretch of turf, taking five-barred gates and stiles without a touch, and then, at call of whistle, race each other back again to their mistress. That these dogs are good on the show-bench is fairly proved by the number of prizes they have won—some hundred and twenty firsts and seconds since January of last year, besides gold and silver medals, two challenge cups, two championships, and a host of specials and minor prizes.

The photograph of the three hounds in leash shows how eager they are for their spin. Mr. Downes, or the kennel-man, walking away some five or six hundred yards, gives a signal, and then, at intervals of twenty or thirty yards, the dogs are slipped one after the other, the fastest being loosed first, and so pacing the others. Chorus Girl is a handsome, well-shaped black, and full of quality. One championship at Leicester stands to her credit, and of firsts and specials she has won the number is legion. Crystal Palace, Cruft's, and Paris being amongst the best shows. Mrs. Downes has several very promising puppies of Chorus Girl's, by her Heterodox, of which she hopes great things in the near future. Dragoon Guard is a very fast and clever dog, fawn and white in colour, and, when a bit more furnished, will hold his own in the best company, whether it be on the show-bench or after "puss." He won a coursing stakes at Basingstoke last season, and will probably have several chances in some good stakes the coming winter. He has not been exhibited much, but won at Northampton and Sidecup.

Another nice hound is Irish Ideal. She is by Sir Saville out of Bronstrome Lass, and is very fast and clever, but was only run once

in public, when she was beaten by the Duke of Leeds' Lucky Purchase. Twice at private meetings she has run, and in each course she performed the wonderful feat of killing her hare in the "run up," the second time cutting herself so badly that she was lame for a long time, and so was put out of form for the rest of the season. Referring to her show career, among her chief wins may be mentioned second Cruft's, first Northampton, and two firsts at Gloucester.

Mrs. Downes' Heterodox is one of the best-known hounds on the show-bench. His pedigree is unexceptionable, being by Greater Scott—Heresy. Greater Scott divided the Waterloo Cup with Herschel, so that Heterodox comes of a true coursing strain, and he has proved himself a grand dog in the field as well as on the benches. He holds a Cruft's championship and two challenge cups, St. Paneras and Canterbury. When formerly owned by Mr. Ryleston, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, he was a great pet with all the company. If not exactly a teetotaler, he is very partial to the cup which cheers, and Mr. Ryleston used to give him every evening his cup of tea and piece of cake.

Orthodox is Mrs. Downes' latest acquisition. His mistress is very fond of him. "I bought him at the last Plymouth Show, when he beat my Heterodox and Chorus Girl, and I really think he is the finest greyhound I ever saw," Mrs. Downes said as we walked him out. "Several wanted to buy him, but I was very much in love with him, and I determined to have him. He is only fourteen months old, and has won two firsts Plymouth, two firsts Helston, and first Penzance. We feed all the hounds twice daily on hound-meat or biscuits, and Carta Carina or



DRAGOON GUARD.

Melox; every fortnight we change the food, substituting one for the other. I nearly always am about when the dogs are fed, and see they are properly attended to. Whenever I go out I take some of them with me, as they require a lot of exercise to keep them in good condition. Every day regularly they are all walked by the kennel-man or my husband for two or three hours, usually from two o'clock to five, and, of course, they are groomed every day. Those hounds that are going to a show are washed the day before, and then well groomed, and, generally speaking, I always go with them to the show, as they show themselves so much better with me than with a stranger. During the coursing season they are all run more or less."

Mrs. Downes sent a large team of her dogs to the recent Ladies' Kennel Association Show at the Botanic Gardens, and won with all of them.



IRISH IDEAL.



CHORUS GIRL.

WHAT THE CANNINGS DID FOR ENGLAND.

Precisely seventy-one years ago—the exact date is Aug. 16, 1827—a stately funeral cortège passed out of Downing Street to Westminster Abbey, and England laid to rest her Prime Minister, George Canning, who had died eight days before at his residence, Chiswick. The Abbey will never forget him, for if you go to the North Transept you



THE STATUES OF THE CANNINGS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

will find the statues of the Cannings, enshrined beside Chatham and Pitt, Peel and Palmerston, Fox and Grattan. In the world we know to-day there is no Chatham, no Pitt, left to tell the tale of a great family, the Earldom of Palmerston is extinct, and, strange to say, the two peerages which came to the Cannings—the Viscounties of Canning (held by the Premier's widow and son), and of Stratford de Redcliffe (held by his cousin)—no longer occupy the attention of Debrett.

The Canning family were originally settled at Bristol, and their early connection with the parish of St. Mary Redcliffe in that town was recalled by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in his choice of a title. But under James I. they moved to Ireland, having obtained a grant of the Manor of Garvagh, in Londonderry. George Canning describes himself in a letter to Sir Walter Scott as an "Irishman accidentally born in London." The accident arose through the fact that his father had been disowned by his parents for an unfortunate attachment, and had come to London to seek his fortune. He tried to make his living in various ways, figuring as a barrister, a poet, a political pamphleteer, and finally as a wine-merchant; but not succeeding in any direction, he gave up the struggle and died when his son was only a year old. Curiously enough, the father of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had a somewhat similar fate. He, too, was turned adrift on account of his marriage, came to London, and started as a banker, in which occupation, however, he seems to have attained considerable success; but he died when Stratford, his fourth son, was still an infant. Both children gave proof through life of a peculiarly warm and close affection for their mothers, in whose care they had been left dependent. The banker was able, however, before his death to give a helping hand to his nephew,

young George Canning, who would otherwise have been in a very destitute condition. He was sent to Eton, where he gave early proof of talent in a publication known as the "Microcosm," the copyright of which was actually purchased by a publisher for fifty guineas. Probably it is the only schoolboy effusion that has ever had such success. Both at Eton and at Oxford, to which University he afterwards passed, he took little part in sports and amusements, but at Oxford he was the moving spirit of a mysterious debating society, which is strongly suggestive of the famous Pickwick Club. The meetings were conducted in great secrecy, and the members wore a uniform, on the buttons of which were inscribed the letters "D.C.P.F.," being the initial letters of the names of the great orators, Demosthenes, Cicero, Pitt, Fox. In early days, Canning had Whig tendencies, but on entering Parliament, in 1793, he gave his support to Pitt. His maiden speech was delivered on Jan. 31, 1794 and he has described his own horrible nervousness, and the strange sound of his voice, which felt as if it did not belong to him. He took an active part in the publication of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which was designed to make fun of the revolutionary party, and which contains some of Canning's cleverest verses, such as "The Needy Knife-Grinder." Addington, who succeeded Pitt as Prime Minister, came in for much of Canning's satire; he cleverly summed up the position of the Government in the lines—

Happy the nation's lot, I ween
(As Britain's sons can tell),
Whose rulers very little mean,
But mean that little well.

It is easy to understand why Canning and Addington were not good friends. Indeed, Canning had the knack of making enemies, and his somewhat restless ambition and high sense of his own claims hindered his progress in the political world and rendered his own party distrustful of him.

In 1807 he entered the Duke of Portland's Ministry, and was placed at the head of the Foreign Office. The appointment excited at the moment a good deal of unfavourable comment. It was alleged that Canning knew no French, but that he was taking lessons from the



WHERE GEORGE CANNING LIVED: 37, CONDUIT STREET, W.
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

Duke of Portland's cook, and that he had decided that "paroissial" should be pronounced "parasol." However, whether he knew French or not, his conduct in office fully justified his appointment. By his splendid audacity the Danish fleet, which was to be turned against England by Napoleon, according to a secret article in the Treaty of Tilsit, was seized at Copenhagen. It was Canning who welcomed the Spanish revolt and procured the chief command of the Army for Sir Arthur Wellesley; and had Canning had his way, England would have been saved from the disastrous expedition to Walcheren.

His official career was cut short by his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh, which resulted in a duel, and was followed by Canning's long retirement from office until 1816, when he took the unimportant post of President of the Board of Control. He did not obtain the great object of his ambition, the Foreign Office and the leadership of the House of Commons, till 1822, and then, as he wrote himself, ten years had made a world of difference, and fame was a "squeezed orange." But he did much good work for England during his five years of power, resisting the policy of the Holy Alliance, which Castlereagh had favoured, recognising the independence of the Spanish-American colonies, and working for the independence of Greece, which he did not live to see. Two months before Navarino, and in the same year as he had become Prime Minister, on Aug. 8, 1827, he died at the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chiswick, in the same room where Fox had died ten years before.

His only surviving son, Charles John, was about fifteen years of age at his father's death, and was educated, like him, at Eton and at Christ Church. The Governor-Generalship of India, a post which George Canning had once accepted, when he was called back to England by the murder of Mr. Perceval, was offered to his son in 1855. He arrived in India to face all the horrors of the Mutiny, and, in the light of future events, there seems something prophetic in his parting speech to the Court of Directors, in which he dwelt on the precariousness of peace. During the awful years of 1856-57 he showed the greatest firmness and courage. He stood out against the proposal to abandon Peshawar as fatal to the English position, hard pressed though they were for troops; and, above all, he faced a storm of obloquy and slander by refusing to yield to the bloodthirsty instinct of revenge which had taken possession of the English community. His magnanimity was too great for him to defend himself at the expense of his opponents, and when pressed by a friend to produce proofs of the scandalous brutality of the special tribunals which he had put down, he answered, "No, I had rather submit to any obloquy than publish to the world what would so terribly disgrace my countrymen."

On the transfer of the government of India from the Company to the Crown, Lord Canning became the first Viceroy. He returned to England in 1862, but his health had been utterly destroyed by his exertions in India, and he came home only to die. He was buried near his father in Westminster Abbey.

Nearly twenty years were to elapse before the third monument was added, in memory of Stratford Canning, the "Great Elchi." His connection with Constantinople began very early, for, when still a Cambridge undergraduate, he was sent out as Secretary to Sir Robert Adair's mission, and on Adair's departure he was made *interim* Minister Plenipotentiary, though not yet twenty-four. He laughingly writes: "I have already ten wrinkles on my forehead, and feel so *responsible* that I dare not take up my tweezers to pluck a hair out of my cheek without due anticipation of results and consequences." He was left to carry on the delicate and difficult negotiations which ultimately resulted in the Treaty of Bucharest without any instructions from home, except a direction that the Ambassadors should in future use thicker envelopes for their despatches! In 1825 he was again at Constantinople, working in conjunction with his cousin, George Canning, at the Foreign Office, for the independence of Greece; and in 1842 he began to earn his name of the "Great Elchi," and to toil at the hopeless task of reforming the "unspeakable Turk." His criticism of the Turkish Government, written in 1808, is equally true to-day—a Government "in whose conception political measures are best matured by procrastination, and which therefore imagines that peace can be as well made to-morrow as to-day, and that it is always time enough to assume the tone of conciliation when that of defiance has failed." His belief was that the Turkish Empire must go to pieces unless it could be reformed, and by great perseverance he did effect great improvements, though many, on his departure, were found to be writ in water. Then came the Crimean War, during which he did his utmost to remedy the unpreparedness of the Home Government, which led to the disastrous winter in the Crimea; and finally he crowned his work of reform in Turkey by obtaining the famous Hatti-Humayun, doing away with all distinctions of race and class, but which the Treaty of Paris contrived to make of no effect. He resigned his post on the fall of Lord Palmerston, and lived in retirement till his death at the advanced age of ninety-four. He was buried at Frant, near Tunbridge Wells; but a monument was erected to him in the Abbey, bearing Tennyson's lines—

Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's work has ceased,
Here silent in our Minister of the West,
Who wert the voice of England in the East.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There is a wealth of interesting reference and suggested reminiscence in the volume of poems by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, just published by Mr. Lane. This allusive interest is their strongest claim to notice, and Mr. Coleridge knows it as well as any of his readers. Of himself and his rhymes he says—

I sing unheeded, yet am I the son
Of a poetic race, whose earlier song
With Orphic spell led listening hearts along,
Or ere the summer of the world was done.

The *culte* of his family receives enthusiastic expression in his verse. "S. T. C." he addresses thus—

Earth hath not anything so great to show,
No voice is wise and wonderful as thine.

And again—

Lord of the legions of thought, the myriad-minded magician.

And, indeed, he could hardly say less. But there is filial as well as grand-filial reverence in his verse, as becomes the son of Derwent Coleridge.

Thou, and thy brother, and thy sister grew
By Hippocrene—ye lipped its brim!
Thy friends were poets. In thy mindful ears
What melodies must ring!
Nor didst thou fail in battle with thy peers,
When thou didst venture forth to sing.

But there are other impulses besides family piety to impel him to verse. A tenderness, a susceptibility, a moral charm appear often enough to make us feel he is right to join in the poetic chorus of his remarkable race. He is no very skilled craftsman, but he is a simple singer of honest impulses, who has made his rhymes out of his heart more than out of his head, and who attains to a pathos wanting in many deeper-thinking poets.

But it is only in parody Mr. Coleridge is unsurpassable. He will hardly resent this description of certain pieces—

We can never meet across this secret,
That which sent me sighing into love-notes:
I have nothing new to sing of Hebe;
Dante never sings of Beatrice,
Not a word of Laura from Petrarch,
Dead and done with long ago their kissing,
Past and over making love and verses.

This is parody, in spite of its serious intention, just as certainly as there is no ribald purpose in the following—

We who know a thing or two,
And bracket Higgs and Diggs with Raphael—
If Botticelli be not grander yet.
Who's Botticelli? There's a man, who does
Small woodcuts for a pious magazine,
And gets stone-drunk on profits of the same,
Hath probed on pot-house wall, Art's Infinite.

And Browning is not the only poet he has the knack of catching the rhythm of, for his own quiet, serious purposes. The "Strophe" and "Antistrophe" are excellent Clough. One may conclude that the volume is not very memorable. But, considering it is written by one who has been bred under the shadow and in the blaze of great names, its individual note is stronger than we might expect.

An explained ghost-story is a ghost-story as it should be, but a ghost-story for which a reader or a listener cannot invent at least one explanation is a very dull thing. It ends in a fizzle, far more than if there had turned out to be no ghost at all, but only Farmer Jones's smock hung out to dry, or a sleep-walking housemaid. Mr. Marriott Watson has committed this unforgivable sin in "The Stone Chamber." By the way, it is perhaps more the story of a vampire than a ghost; but that doesn't matter, as the scene is laid in an old abbey, with ancient family tombs and vaults strewn about, which may or may not have something to do with the mystery. It begins in so promising a fashion that an eager reader can only cherish a grudge against Mr. Watson for starting his interest in a mysterious room that had the worst moral and physical effect on its inmates, and then leaving the story a blur of impossibilities—we can only take refuge in unbelief, a disappointing end to any sensation. "The Stone Chamber," however, is only one tale out of a volume called "The Heart of Miranda" (Lane). There are various stories in it based on lurid and violent situations, and Mr. Watson writes too well to be very well fitted for such work. Then there is the title-story, highly artificial, daintily and not in the least spontaneously written, but which deserves its prominence in the book. How Miranda went out into the world ready for love, and how she rejected five lovers for better reasons, it will be thought, than those for which she accepted a sixth, is prettily told, in a style that runs glibly off Mr. Watson's pen, that pleases for ten pages—and then we yawn.

What may be called the philanthropic melodrama can be read in Leader Scott's new story, "The Renunciation of Helen" (Hutchinson). The combination is clumsy, and is not to be recommended to other writers. The hero is a social regenerator, starts gymnasiums in his village and co-operative farms on his land; the heroine is in full sympathy with him; and at the end of the book we see a great fortune about to be devoted to unselfish schemes for the public good. This may draw some serious-minded persons to the unwonted relaxation of reading a novel. I wish the relaxation portion were better. It is by no means an ordinary occurrence for people in prosperous circles to be accused by their relatives of forgery and stealing. When it happens twice in a single story, one is apt to call it disproportionate and monotonous.—O. O.

TAME RABBITS.

Hard is the case of the rabbit! He is subject to all the penalties of vermin because he "behaves as such," and enjoys few of the advantages of the game animal an indulgent statute has declared him to be. The

it is then that the Shetlander arms himself with his harpoon and lance and mans his boat for the chase.

Given a fine day, and a shallow, narrow voe, with preferably a muddy bottom, the Bottle-nosed Whale stands very little chance of escape, as long before he is tired out he runs ashore, unwittingly losing his way in the muddy water, and is soon despatched by his captors. If, however, the voe is too deep and wide to admit of the whale being quickly driven ashore, it becomes necessary to use the harpoon. The harpooner, standing at the prow of the boat, drives the harpoon deftly and firmly into the fore part of the body as the whale comes to the surface to blow.

The chase becomes now more exciting, as the position of the school under water is now betrayed by the boat in tow, the other whales keeping near their companion in trouble; and soon it happens that a second whale is harpooned from another boat. Collisions are now constantly imminent, as the whales have a fancy for keeping together, and rejoining each other if they get separated. With experienced management, however, these can be avoided. In the annexed photograph, taken on Saturday, July 23, two boats are in tow, and, in the nearest one, the lancer stands in the prow of the boat ready to lance the whale if he comes near enough to the boat. The *locale* of the photograph is Whitnass Voe, on the west coast of Shetland, where a large school of whales was entrapped for twenty-four hours on that date.

Unfortunately for successful sport, a heavy wind from the north was blowing, making it hard work to come up with the whales, and a

dark, cloudy sky was inimical to practical photography. The result of the day's sport was therefore very small, two only being taken, one of these by the harpoon and the other being driven ashore.

On the same day a school was reported in Weisdale Voe, and another near Lerwick, on the east coast, of which, it was reported, a great number were captured. In Bain's "Life of Nansen," he states that Nansen used explosive bullets with great success upon "Grind Whales" in the Faroe Islands, and this is perhaps the surest and quickest method of securing them, as the method described above is slow and uncertain, though more exciting to the sportsman, owing to the greater danger.

K. M. MONTEATH.



RABBITS.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

Ground Game Act did nothing to improve his position. Sanguine beings there were who, understanding not the rabbit, vainly imagined the passage of that Bill into law would counteract the animal's alarming gift of self-multiplication, and possibly render a close season desirable at no distant date. That was a mistake: bunny is plentiful as ever to be shot, snared, and trapped the year round at will; to provide food for man, cat, weasel, and stoat, and healthy exercise for dogs of low degree. Why is there such a prejudice against tame rabbits for the table? It was stated some little time ago that carcasses of tame rabbits to the weight of two hundred tons were sometimes imported into this country from the Continent in a single week. These are sent over skinned, and find a ready market when sold thus to the poorer classes, who will not look at a rabbit whose coat declares it a tame one. Rabbit farms or artificial warrens have become common in recent years. One of the largest and most successful is that belonging to Mr. Lloyd Price, of Rhiwlas, near Bala, in North Wales. The "record" bag was made at Rhiwlas on Oct. 7, 1885, when nine guns shot 5096 rabbits in one day.

A WHALE HUNT IN SHETLAND.

The Bottle-Nosed Whale, or, as it is sometimes called, the Grind Whale or Grinder, from the Danish, is a not uncommon visitor to the Shetlands, Orkneys, or North of Scotland generally. At this time of the year it frequently happens that a "school" may get entrapped in the "voes," or long, narrow inlets or firths which abound on the Shetland coast, and, owing to the ebbing tide, may be kept imprisoned for several hours in a very small expanse of water. Sometimes, even at the highest tide, the entrance at which the school came in is so narrow that it is impossible to find it, and



A WHALE HUNT IN SHETLAND.

THE PHONOGRAPH UP TO DATE.

There is no denying it—the phonograph has passed through a period of depression. Hailed in its introduction to this country some fifteen years ago with acclamation by the staid members of the Royal Society, it had gradually come to be regarded as a toy—scientific and interesting, no doubt, but still a toy in so far as the practical business of life was concerned. You met it at learned societies; you encountered it in by-paths of exhibitions; but it whirled not in the counting-house, and the holiday-maker left it severely out of his programme.

I write in the past tense, for to-day a new era has dawned for the phonograph. Mr. Edison, finding that the Americans are quite a match for the Spaniards without that devastating machinery of war which he was supposed to be maturing, has devoted himself to his old invention, and he and Dr. Graham Bell have between them devised such improvements in the phonograph that its foothold in the workaday world may now be considered assured.

If you have any doubt on the point, you had better call on Mr. Pratt, at Edison House, in Northumberland Avenue, to whose courteous attention I am indebted (writes a *Sketch* representative) for all that I know of the difference between the old phonograph and the new.

To begin with, it may be stated that the new phonograph is not only better, but also much cheaper than the old.

Where, last year, you had to pay forty guineas for a phonograph, you can now get one, much handier, much more efficient, for six. Handier because, where the old weighed sixty pounds, the new weighs just fifteen. More efficient because, where the old was dependent on the proper condition of cells and batteries, the new is worked by nothing but clockwork. With the phonograph of to-day, which is also the phonograph of to-morrow, electricity has no more to do than it has with a musical-box. It will take the man in the street a little while to get accustomed to the idea of a clockwork phonograph; but the new variety is, of course, much less likely to get out of order than when the apparatus was as liable to go on strike as the electric bells which the modern builder has devised for our discipline.

Given a cheap, compact, reliable machine which will deliver accurately any words you commit into it, what is the result? Mr. Pratt thinks that the result, whatever it is, will be a rather serious matter for the noble science of stenography.

"You see," he explained, "a merchant, for example, has only to dictate his letters to the phonograph. Then it can be taken into another room and be made to repeat the message as fast or as slowly as may be desired—at such a rate, for instance, as may be required for ordinary transcription. You can repeat the message as often as you like; you can stop the machine and put it back a few words; you can do everything with it you can do with shorthand notes, and a good many things you cannot."

"And how often can the same message be repeated without getting indistinct?"

"Oh, indefinitely. Some of our cylinders have reproduced the same utterance a thousand times. And then, it is always possible to duplicate a message."

"So that there is no fear of the sound of, say, Mr. Gladstone's voice being actually lost to us?"

"None whatever. I have a message here—a few sentences of congratulation on the invention—which he spoke into the phonograph when he received the freedom of Liverpool, eight years ago. Probably there are other records of the same kind, for I think Mr. Edison presented him with an instrument."

"Any other notable voice that is still?"

"Yes. There is a pathetic sentence or two from the lips of Cardinal Manning a few weeks before his death. Browning also was nearing his last moments when he spoke a verse of his own into the phonograph, and Lord Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade' may still be heard as he himself uttered it."

THE PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT PHONOGRAPH.

But this is perhaps trenching on another surprise which Mr. Pratt has in store for London. It is intended in the course of the next week or two to set up penny-in-the-slot phonographs at various railway stations, piers, and other places where people most do congregate. This, of course, is a very different article from the "commercial" phonograph mentioned above, though the principle is the same.

When, going for your summer holiday, you find at Euston or King's Cross an automatic phonograph, you will observe at the top a sort of programme of five numbers, which may be, say—

1. "Washington Post" March.
2. Toreador Song from "Carmen."
3. "My Old Dutch."
4. Lord Rosebery's Eulogy on Gladstone.
5. Banjo Duet by the Frivol Sisters.

There is the usual slot, and, by dropping into it the usual coin, you may get in return either the whole of No. 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, or you may get part of No. 1 and part of No. 3, or part of No. 2 and parts of Nos. 4 and 5, or, in fact, any selection you like to make within the limits of your time. A handy lever provides you with the means of turning on the Bizet, or the Banjo, or the Rosebery tap, as you may care. The secret of the matter is that, where the "private" phonograph has one cylinder, the "public" or penny-in-the-slot phonograph has five cylinders, each bearing a record corresponding to the items of the programme. The programme, by the way, is to be changed every week—oftener if necessary—so as to include the latest comic songs and other sounds of pressing interest.

The penny-in-the-slot phonograph should, by the way, tend to promote unselfishness in public amusements. The customer gets his pennyworth of sweet sounds not for himself alone, but for all within hearing distance. The machine will be conspicuous by reason of a large funnel, whence the programme issues in tones loud enough to be heard by dozens of pairs of ears at once. The small boy of imperfect morals who is always trying to defraud the "try-your-weight" machine by stepping on before someone else gets off, will turn virtuous in face of the generosity of the automatic phonograph.

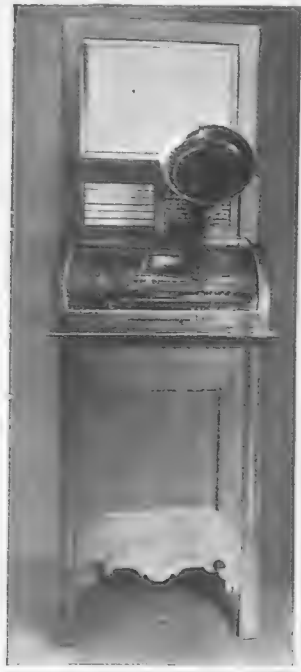
THE DRAWING-ROOM PHONOGRAPH.

There is yet a third variation of the up-to-date phonograph, intended for drawing-room or concert-room use. It is somewhat larger than the first type, and is provided with an ingenious arrangement by which the sound is so magnified as to fill a large room with ease. It has been privately tried in the Palace Theatre, and was perfectly audible in the galleries. Music, of course, is its chief traffic; but America has found another mission for it, as a teacher of languages. In the matter of French pronunciation, for example, one can imagine uses for it in colleges and schools; and New York newspapers have even put it to the base office of reproducing War telegrams.

The musical aspect of this phonograph presents some curiosities. By regulating the speed you can raise or lower the pitch of the music it is "playing" to any extent you please. Halve the time, and you hear the tune just an octave lower. It is thus possible to adjust the instrument to any pitch you please, and Mr. Pratt mentioned one case in which, having turned on the piano and violin parts of a Beethoven trio (per phonograph), a musician sat down and filled in the third part on the 'cello with satisfaction to himself and no injustice to the composer.

Other developments of the phonograph are in contemplation, including one which, I was told, is to supplant the stethoscope in such matters as recording the beats of the heart. But of that hereafter. Meanwhile, it is sufficient to know that the factory is turning out the new phonographs at the rate of four thousand a day, and that the next month will see the new venture launched in England with every prospect of success.

R. B.



A PENNY IN THE SLOT.



THE BEST PLACE ON A HOT DAY.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

All things may happen in a week; but certainly it looks as though, for practical purposes, the Spanish-American War were over. Those who predicted that it would last three months or so are not far out; the fourth month has yet a few days to run. The result has been as foreseen, but it has come far more swiftly and easily than was thought likely. For the Spaniards, whether from degeneracy or common sense, have accepted the inevitable with comparatively little haggling. Their fleet being largely destroyed, and their considerable armies in Cuba exposed to be starved out in detail, they have recognised that further resistance would be hopeless; and, with a remarkable change of feeling from the old Spanish temper, they have abstained from going on enduring defeat for the point of honour as in their former wars. But this is not like the Peninsular War, in which their perseverance enabled their allies to win a victory, if their incapacity often postponed their deliverance. It is not necessary for the Americans to attack Havana. A cordon of insurgents and a few

would have melted away with disease, and hardly escaped from utter ruin. The storming of intrenchments against magazine-rifles and smokeless powder has even less business to succeed than Grant's assaults on Lee or the Russian attacks on Plevna, and a few more days' supplies accumulated in Santiago might have turned an inglorious capitulation into a creditable success. But as it was in the days of Napoleon, so it is now; and, looking at the Cuban mismanagement, one feels inclined to own that Napier's savage girds at Spanish methods of warfare are hardly exaggerated, and that, but for enormous luck at the start of their war, the Spaniards might have collapsed utterly before French invasion.

The American success is well-won. Defective as the arrangements for supply and sanitation seem to have been at Santiago, the expedition was a great advance on the early days of the Civil War. Possibly the mere fact of a Civil War was responsible for the disorganisation and helplessness shown in 1861; now there is no disunion, and no wavering. The soldiers have shown not merely courage—that is in their blood—but coolness and cheerful endurance, the special virtues of the veteran. The



ON THE BEACH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

seasoned regiments on the land side and a continuance of the sea blockade would soon increase the existing misery to an intolerable pitch. The heroism of the defenders of Saragossa and Gerona, which the Spanish Generals in Cuba have quoted but not copied, would have been mere folly on a blockaded island. The French armies were bound to take the Spanish fortresses within a certain time if they were to hold their ground in the country; the Americans are not bound to attack Cuban towns directly, and failure in such an attack would leave them as strong as before, with an undisturbed base—the sea, to wit.

It has been the old story of Spanish unreadiness, rashness alternating with timidity, courage proving as fatal as cowardice. It was foolish rashness to send Cervera's little fleet overseas, after delaying it so long on the way. It was fatal rashness to allow his ships to rush out on the guns of battleships. It was timidity or laziness that allowed the invaders to land at their leisure, and it was negligence that left the garrison of Santiago so ill supplied that it had to surrender to an enemy of only equal strength, crippled by fever and checked by strong defences. Nothing is more evident than the facts that, against a capable General, the rash attack of General Shafter would have met a disastrous repulse, and that before a properly provisioned stronghold his army

sailors have had an easier task, but have done all that was possible. It was not their fault that their force was so superior, though it was Spain's misfortune.

But from smashing Spain to fighting a first-class Power is a very big stride; and it is therefore a pity that some organs of public opinion in America are launching out on visions of conquest for the future. Some even have the enormous bad taste—seeing how materially British sympathy has enabled the United States to do their work without foreign interference—to suggest the annexation of Canada as the next step. This is not an idea, we may be sure, shared by responsible persons. Cuba is a big bite, and will take much chewing to reduce it to a properly digestible condition. The Philippines are well fitted to become a bone of contention. And unbiassed observers will be rather surprised if the United States do not have to wage a few "little wars" on the Garcias and Aguinaldos of their new possessions or protectorates within a few years.

The next war, unless against a South or Central American State, will be a very different affair. Spain is an excellent chopping-block, for it will stand stiffly to be hit: but the next opponent will probably hit back effectively, and will take a power of beating.

MARMITON.

THE FAG-END OF THE WAR.

The sound of war has almost died away, but now and again comes an echo of the thunder. Not that Spain hears too much, for the Censor's blue pencil is very busy there, especially in the case of the Carlist newspapers. For the last few weeks my copy of the *Correo Español* has contained between one and two columns of miscellaneous paragraphs every day, evidently put in at the last moment to take the place of matter struck out by the Censor. Now, however, it has been found necessary to go a step further, and great black letters, some four inches long, make their appearance in the middle of articles in the most surprising manner. This is certainly an ingenious form of padding, for it serves to bring home to the Spanish people the way in which their Press has been muzzled, so that they obtain little or no information as to the real state of affairs.

Meantime we hear a good deal about the Anglo-American alliance. Mommson is reported to have said that the real alliance arising out of the situation is France, Germany, and Russia, who should fall on and dismember the British Empire, France annexing Egypt, Germany taking the Cape,

and Russia swallowing up our Asiatic possessions. An English critic, "H. G. K.," sends me this view of the situation—

To Uncle Sam, John Bull declares
He loves him better than himself,
And only fought him (so he swears)
To please a dull, vindictive Guelph;
And, in a later strife, to tell
If South or North could boss the show,
He thought both sides behaved so well
That each deserved to win, you know—
"Ah, John, I guess,"
Says Uncle S.,
"You feel a lot you can't express."

"We do not talk the same as you,
Say 'sidewalks' where you talk of 'kerbs';
We give the Aspirates their due,
But use our Substantives for Verbs.
We don't believe in all the stuff
We read about "the unsettling Sun,"
Nor think old Shakspeare quite enough
To make two distant nations one"—
Bull answers "Yes;
But, none the less,
We're both unfriended, Uncle S."

"The Kings and Emperors must be foes
To Freedom's children and their ends;
The French speak fair, but don't suppose
A Latin rice can stand your friends.
I'm sure you cannot wish that I,
More than yourself, should come to harm;
And that appears a reason why
We always should go arm-in-arm
You must confess
We're in a mess."
"Why, certainly," says Uncle S.

"You Anglo-Normans, with your Queen,
Have viewed us with a scornful mind;
And we, for many a year, have been
Both more than kin and less than kind:
But, if you choose to turn the talk
To brotherly love—and prove your claim—
I'm ready arm-in-arm to walk,
So far as roads may be the same;
Or else, I guess,"
Says Uncle S.,
"I don't much care what you profess."

On the other hand, a Canadian correspondent (dating anonymously from Toronto) writes to complain of the "combination flag" of England and the United States which I reproduced lately. This patriot is offended because the American section of the flag is what he calls "on top" of the British section, an objection which is really too childish to be taken seriously. On the cutting from *The Sketch* he has politely written these words, "You Englishmen are developing into the damndest fools on the face of the earth." I quote this to show the intelligence and temper of a writer who has not the courage to sign his name. Then he favours me with a long statement about the iniquities of the American people. "They have no national honour, and their politicians are the scum of the population, which is scum itself." A man who writes like that is not, I should say, an ornament of Toronto. In ordinary circumstances I should have interred his silly letter in the wastepaper-basket; but it is sometimes useful to remind the world that the amity of two great and kindred peoples cannot be permanently injured by the blind stupidity of an anonymous unit here and there. How little my Toronto correspondent represents the feeling of Canadians may be judged from the negotiations at Washington between Canada and the United States.

The situation in Spain has its lively side as well; thus the rumours of a disagreement between the pretender Don Carlos and his son, Don Jayme, Prince of the Asturias, have cropped up again, but are as absolutely devoid of foundation as ever. In fact, the Prince was at Lucerne only a few days ago consulting with his father about the course which immediate events may prescribe for them in Spain. They are, as



A LETTER INSERTED TO FILL UP SOME MATTER DISAPPROVED OF.

No. 15.

PARCEL POST
TO
SPAIN

AS the sending of contraband of war to either of the belligerents in the war between Spain and the United States of America would be contrary to the strict neutrality enjoined by Her Majesty's recent Proclamation, the Postmaster General gives notice that arms, ammunition, military stores or materials, or any article or articles considered to be contraband of war must not be sent by Parcel Post to Spain.

By Command of the Postmaster General

GENERAL POST OFFICE
1st July 1898

No. 25.

ARTICLES LIABLE
TO
CUSTOMS DUTY
IN
SPAIN

INFORMATION has been received from the Spanish Post Office to the effect that all packets containing books, printed or manuscript music, chromo-lithographs, engravings of all kinds, and industrial products (with the exception of samples of textile goods), imported into Spain through the post, are liable to customs duty. If such packets are addressed to Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, or Corunna, they are charged with the ordinary Customs duty; but if they are addressed to any other place in Spain, a fine varying from 5 to 10 times the amount of the duty is added.

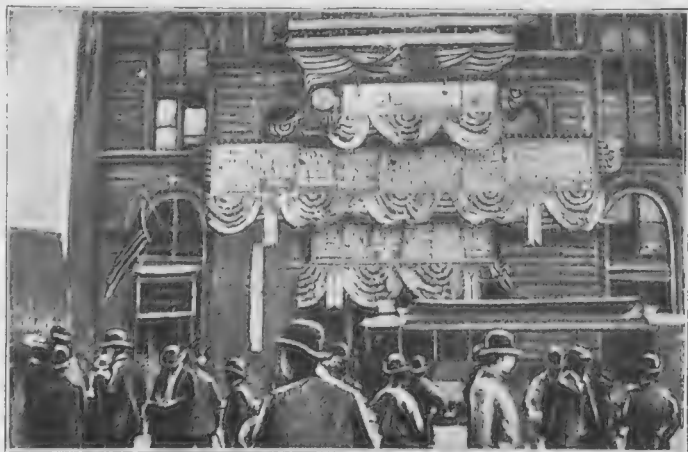
By Command of the Postmaster General

GENERAL POST OFFICE
21 July 1898

HOW THE WAR HAS AFFECTED ENGLAND: THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPAIN IS EVIDENCED BY THE DUTY IMPOSED ON BOOKS.

they always have been, the best of friends, and nothing which either of them may do will be done without the complete consent of the other. The rumours of a contemplated abdication by Don Carlos of his claim to the throne are equally unfounded, though it is probable that the first steps in heading an insurrection will be taken by Don Jayme, as his father's Regent, acting on the precedent of Prince Charles Edward in 1745. As a matter of fact, however, I question whether even the Carlists themselves know the varying moves in the game from day to day.

The health of the American Army is not so bad as was at first reported, for General Shafter reports that the total number of sick is 3445, of which 2498 are fever cases, including 412 fresh cases of fever. Even this state of affairs is sufficiently grave



HOW THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS ADVISED THEIR READERS FROM HOUR TO HOUR OF THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE BAY OF FUNDY.

The Bay of Fundy, which almost completely separates the Canadian Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, is remarkable for its singular tidal phenomena. The bay is about one hundred and seventy miles long, and from twenty to fifty miles wide. The ocean tides enter its narrowing limits and sweep onward with steadily accelerating force, reaching a velocity at one point of ten or twelve miles an hour. At its headwaters the variation of the tide is always enormous, and the difference between extreme high and low water-marks at some points is over sixty feet. At the port of St. John, New Brunswick, which is one of the winter ports of Canada, and the centre of a very important trade, the usual variation of the tide is about twenty-seven feet.

The difference in tide-level produces singular effects. In some places, as at Windsor, Nova Scotia, when the tide is out, enormous stretches of mud-flats are exposed, and schooners which went up the streams at flood-tide are left high and dry till the returning wave floats them again.

In some of the smaller streams at the head of the bay the phenomenon of a tidal bore is developed. This is best seen at Moncton, New Brunswick, on the Petitecodiac, which will scarcely float a canoe at low-water opposite the town, but where at flood-tide ships of over a thousand tons, with cargo laden, may float beside the wharves. Along this river-bed the tide rushes, and as it advances forms a foam-crested wall of water, sometimes five or six feet high. It varies, of course, with the state of the



THE BORE, PETITCODIAC, NEW BRUNSWICK.
Photo by Marshman, Moncton.

tides, but to see the rushing wall sweep around a bend in the river and in a twinkling transform the dreary sand-flats into a mass of turbulent waters that rise till ships may float, is always an interesting and impressive incident.

But perhaps the most singular effects are witnessed at St. John, New Brunswick. The St. John River, which is nearly five hundred miles long, and, with its tributaries, drains a very extensive region, enters the Bay of Fundy through a rocky gorge which at one point is only about five hundred feet wide, though the river just above it is over half-a-mile in width. The span of the upper of the two bridges across the river is only 477 feet. At the upper end of this gorge the waters of the river are met by a rocky barrier, over which, when the tide is out below, they tumble into a low waterfall, and a succession of rapids and whirlpools that extend away below the bridges. No boat can pass these falls in safety then. Lives have been lost there, and the bodies of men who may drift over the falls to their death are seldom recovered. But, when the tide rises in the harbour below, it gradually overcomes these rapids and the falls, and, as it rises several feet higher than the ordinary level of the river above, there occurs the remarkable spectacle of a fall in the other direction when the tide is at the flood. Hence the term "Reversible Falls" has been applied to the phenomenon presented. The passage of the gorge cannot be made by vessels at flood either. But about three hours before, and, of course, the same time after the flood, there is a short period when there is no fall in either direction. At this time vessels can pass in safety, and schooners, which have lowered their topmasts to pass the bridges, may be seen going up or down every day, drawn by tugboats, to or from the lumber-mills above the falls, where they take cargo for United States ports. The spectacle here presented twice every day is probably seen nowhere else in the world. Soundings taken some years ago showed twenty-eight feet of water

under the bridges and fourteen feet on the pitch of the falls, but there were places in the gorge where the line was either not long enough, or the undercurrent too strong, to permit of soundings being made at all.

At Grand Manan, an island near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, advantage has been taken of the tidal variation to produce the most



WINTER ON THE PETITCODIAC RIVER AT MONCTON.
Photo by Marshman, Moncton.

remarkable herring-pond in the world. On the western shore of the island is an inlet called Dark Harbour Pond. The tides here vary from twenty to twenty-five feet. The harbour, or pond, is perhaps a mile long and three-quarters of a mile in greatest breadth. Its greatest depth is thirteen fathoms. The tide enters it by a narrow passage at one end, the rest of that side of the basin being guarded by a natural sea-wall. At certain seasons herrings are plentiful along this shore, and it was discovered by the fishermen that they invariably entered Dark Harbour. Mr. Isaac Newton, whose name might reasonably suggest a man of observant mind, conceived a plan to turn this knowledge to practical account. He leased the pond, wharfed up the narrow entrance to a width of only about twenty-five feet, and fitted this avenue with a gate. A heavy chain with long sticks fastened to it was sunk across the bottom of the passage. The sticks were placed close together, and intended ordinarily to stand upright, forming a complete barrier. But the gate was so constructed that, when the rising tide rushed against it, it was borne down, and thus the fish were enabled to swim over it. When the tide turned outward, however, the gate rose up, and the herrings were safely caged. The scheme was completely successful, and now, when there are herrings nowhere else in the bay, there are swarms of them in Dark Harbour Pond. Cod and pollack fishermen go there for bait, Maine dealers go there for herrings for smoking purposes, and the lessee has smoke-houses of his own. Millions of herrings are taken there with nets every year, and, in addition to those smoked or sold for bait, whole cargoes are shipped in winter in a frozen state to outside markets.

The Bay of Fundy is also to be remembered in connection with the once projected ship-canal, and the partly constructed, but for the present abandoned, ship-railway, intended to connect its navigation with that of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.



DARK HARBOUR POND, GRAND MANAN, NEW BRUNSWICK.
Photo by Drouin, Eastport, Maine.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE THEATRES.

"Bilberry of Tilbury," which now reigns at the Criterion, has one curious fact in connection with it. "The Liars," which preceded it with brilliant success, is from the pen of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, one of our ablest, most ambitious dramatists, a man with a splendid



MISS JENNIE OWEN IN "BILBERRY OF TILBURY."

Photo by Illingworth, Northampton.

desire to realise lofty ideals. One of the authors of "Bilberry of Tilbury" is Mr. Silvanus Dauncey, brother of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and the new work is of the humblest style of drama current on our stage, and calculated to make the earnest playgoer weep, swear, or gnash his teeth. I should like to see a notice by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones on the new musical farce. Of course, I do not suggest that "Bilberry" is worse than others of its class, than others even which have enjoyed success in London. No doubt, it has the common faults of its class, and some of them, perhaps, to an uncommon degree, for Mr. Day goes somewhat beyond bounds so far as the quality of his lyrics is concerned: Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Adrian Ross, and Mr. Harry

Greenbank have set a standard which prevents us from swallowing the stanzas of "Bilberry." The tale shows how it came to pass that Miss Dashwood, a lady detective, wooed and won the hand and heart of Lord Bilberry, believing him to be a mere commoner, and, on the other hand, sets out some intrigues concerning a man called Sparrow, who poses as Lord Bilberry and has prodigious success with the ladies of the Elysian Theatre until his identity is disclosed by his wrathful wife, who is a rabid representative of the hyper-moral party, and in the cause of anti-hedonism suffers much, if too little. Some idea of the piece may be given to the playgoer by the statement that one act passes in "the Green Room of the Elysian Theatre," with what may be called the customary humours, and another presents the deck of the steamship *Columbia* with comic *mal-de-mer* business. One could forgive the Censor for some of his errors if he would forbid songs about "Steward" and "basin," and the other matters connected with the movements of ships. Some of Mr. Guy Jones's music is pretty, if obvious, and here and there a passage of some quality appears.

The principal part, that of Miss Dashwood, is played by Miss Frances Earle, of whom an account was given in *The Sketch* of last week. It is pleasant to be able to say that her performance appeared to delight the audience. Miss Jennie Owen played with spirit in the part of a peer-hunting actress, while Miss Amy Augarde, as the real Duchess of Tilbury, used her charming voice very well. Mr. Templar Saxe represented the hero, and his singing greatly helped the piece. Work of some cleverness was done by Mr. W. J. Manning in a comic old-man part. The efforts of Mr. W. T. Thompson, a low comedian whose style of singing belongs purely to music-hall, seemed to please the house.

Two musical comedies, one of them at any rate of considerable promise, have just been produced in the provinces. In "The Gay Grisette," Mr. George Dance has, with the assistance of Mr. Carl Kiefert as composer of the music, produced a light and merry piece that may perhaps enjoy much of the popularity of his similarly entitled "Gay Parisienne" and "The Lady Slavey." On its production at Bradford, the other day, great successes were made as a lady's-maid by Miss Addie Conyers, lately returned from Australia, and by Edward Solomon's daughter, Miss Claire Romaine, in the title-rôle. Part of the action takes place in Buda-Pesth, a locale giving opportunities for picturesque costumes and staging. Chinese, on the other hand, is in part the character of "The Celestials," for which Dr. F. Osmond Carr has written the music, with Mr. C. H. Abbott as one of the librettists. Miss Katie Barry as a Chinese lady's-maid ("encore la femme de chambre"), and Mr. J. J. Dallas, and that clever mimic, Mr. Algernon Newark, as English actors, have some of the best chances in "The Celestials."

Sir Henry Irving and Mr. John Hare are taking holiday at Cromer, to the great delight of the other visitors to that select but dull seaside resort. Sherringham, a few miles from Cromer, owes much of its growing popularity to the visits of the Knight of the Lyceum, and has celebrated its growing claims to public attention by putting up a large hotel. The ways of seacoast towns are very strange. Some distinguished Londoner in search of rest finds them out, or they are visited by some

foreign potentate for a week or so, and thus acquire notoriety. Forthwith some large hotels are built; the land is sold in plots for building purposes; the face of the town is changed; it ceases to become a haven of rest. Truth to tell, no seaside place has any ambition to be the happy hunting-ground of the few; it would rather be the metropolis of the multitude. The only way to preserve the virginal freshness of some seaside nook is to hold its name sacred, never to mention it or allow a newspaper to do so.

A most interesting and significant piece of theatrical intelligence is to the effect that Mr. Henry Miller, a popular American "star" actor, may possibly go to Manila on a professional visit next season. This looks like Americanising the Philippines with a vengeance. Throughout the United States the genus "war-drama" is flourishing mightily. One is called "Santiago," *tout court*; another has a slightly longer and more picturesque title—"Sunk at Santiago"; and a third, "For Old Glory," has been furbished up, with the scene shifted from Chili to Cuba; while such standard plays as "Shenandoah," "Held by the Enemy," and "Secret Service" have lost nothing in popularity by the winning game played by the American Army and Navy.

You may remember that I recently published a picture of Miss Winifred Emery's father as a Gipsy woman. Mr. N. P. Healy, a member of the orchestra at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, tells me that the part was in Boucicault's "Arrah-na-Pogue," and he remembers old Emery playing it.

One of the surprises in Messrs. Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter's new musical comedy, "Orlando Dando," just successfully produced at Fulham, was to see Miss Kate Bishop, whom so many of us remember as the gracious, original Violet Melrose of "Our Boys," appear, arrayed in pantalettes and ringlets, as an old maid after the manner of the 'forties. Miss Bishop's success in this new line proves her versatility.

If anybody who believes in the Baconian heresy about Shakspeare were capable of reason, he could learn something from the *Quarterly Review* article on this monstrous delusion. The *Quarterly* shows that Shakspeare had none of Bacon's profound scholarship, and that Bacon had not a tittle of Shakspeare's poetry, imagination, and humour. It is also made plain that every Baconian heretic is destitute of the most elementary capacity for criticism. The most comical part of the business is the attraction which the heresy has for some eminent men who have never given the smallest study to the subject. Palmerston was one of them. He knew as little about Bacon as he did about Shakspeare, but he had



THIS LADY WANTS TO GO TO THE GAIETY THEATRE.

the sincere belief that Shakspeare, as an illiterate man, was accepted by his friends and rivals as the author of Bacon's masterpieces.

I have received this letter from Liverpool—

DEAR MR. *Sketch*,—If any time you people are short of "physogs" for the paper, what say you to this of mine? Sorry for you in town this weather. Just off for holidays to cool old "canny Scotland," after which I want to join the Gaiety, September.—Yours truly, NELL RAYNER.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

We shall soon have meetings held under National Hunt Rules, and it is to be hoped the Committee will try and make the winter game more popular. Clerks of Courses ought not to be allowed to offer prizes of less value than £100 for jumping races, and I am certain, in the long run, increased entries would pay for the additional prize-money. Further, I think several events should be confined to professional riders. The amateurs have the National Hunt Flat-Races all to themselves, and I certainly think the paid men should have a look-in in some of the hurdle-races and steeplechases. I am told of one or two excellent professionals who intend to retire from the saddle because work is so scarce. If, say, two races each day were confined to professionals, the public would, at least, see some good riding, and the jockeys would have a chance to get a living.

I don't quite like the system under which passes are issued to the reporters. The Clerks of Courses of some meetings have hazy ideas as to who should and who should not receive tickets. I think the Jockey Club should issue all reporters' passes, and this could be done very simply by the Turf senators intimating that all those reporters possessing Newmarket passes, be entitled to admission to all courses held under their rules. I must add that I have never experienced any difficulty in the matter of admission-tickets for myself, but several representative sporting journalists have been refused admission to one or two meetings of late. I think these gentlemen should send in a complaint to the Jockey Club.

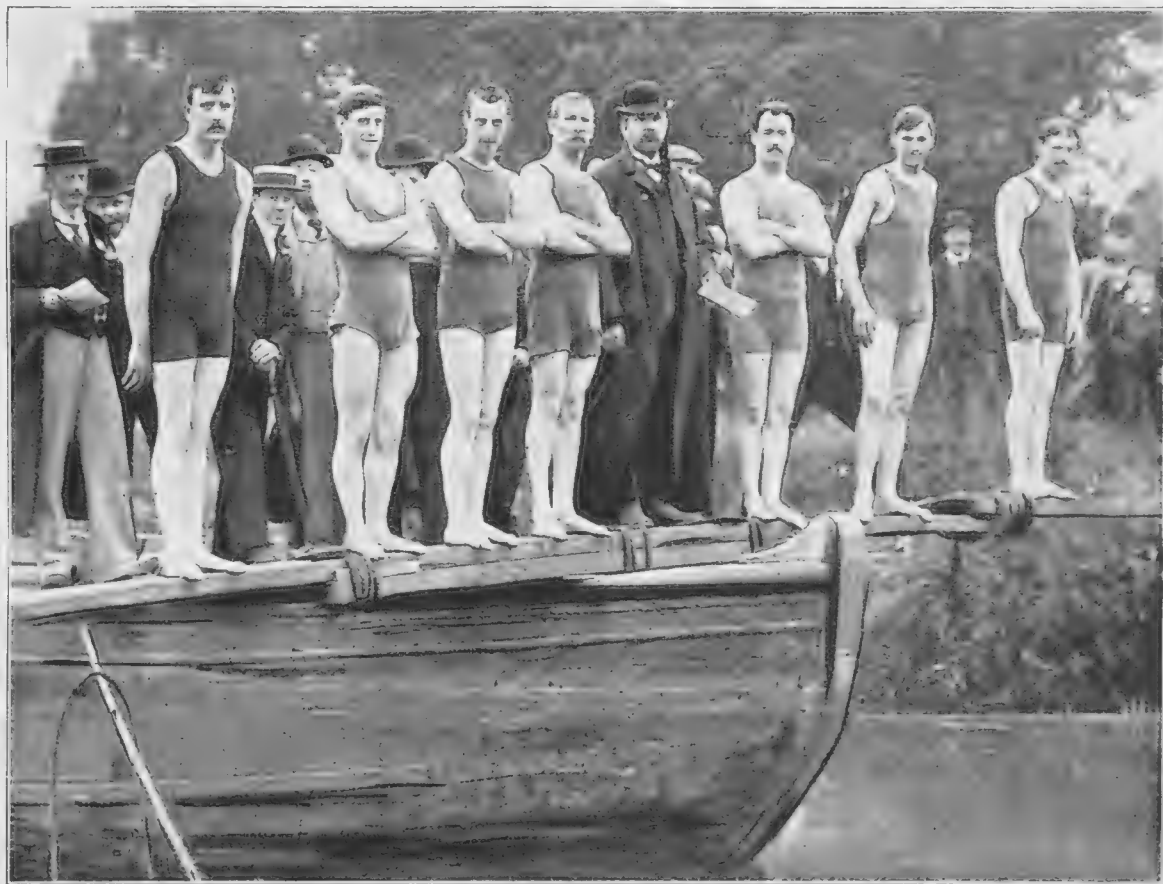
It does not follow that the field for the Cesarewitch will be larger than usual because the entry is a good one. Of the lot engaged, not a score could be trusted to get the distance comfortably, and there are not more than six trainers having horses entered this year who have previously prepared a winner of this race. Old John Osborne might have won the double event for Mr. Vyner without the slightest trouble had he only saved King Crow specially for these races. As it is, I expect the horse will have a welter weight to carry. The Newmarket people think that Bonnebosq will run well. I think the race for the Cambridgeshire will be the event of the year; that is, if the handicapper does his work well. There is one animal in the entry that is supposed to have been saved for a big coup. I may give its name when the weights appear.

The late Mr. Hyde was secretary to probably the best-paying race-course company in England. He never ran many horses, but now and again at long intervals his colours would be seen, though I cannot call to mind that he ever won a race of any importance. More to his liking were birds, and he bred some of the best, and took many prizes. He had a fancy for dogs too—in fact, any of the pursuits in which country gentlemen find pleasure and relaxation appealed to him in the intervals of work. To be secretary to such an undertaking as Kempton, however, afforded plenty of work, and Mr. Hyde was in consequence a busy man. He used to be a Conservative election agent, and was one of the originators of the Bristol racecourse. He was popular with all that came in contact with him, and the sporting world will miss him keenly.

If Darling in Birkenhead is training an animal smarter than St. Valentine II., then he has a clever one in his stable. Up till now no serious efforts have been made to get the son of Orme ready, and St. Valentine II. when he won at Kempton Park was obviously backward. He is a fine, upstanding son of St. Florian, and it was a stroke of misfortune for Mr. Gubbins to lose that sire early in the year. St. Valentine II. is in next year's Derby as well as Birkenhead. This year both are in the Middle Park Plate, and one or two other big races, but only the former has a liability in the Dewhurst Plate. Of course, there is nothing to point to St. Valentine II. as being anything out of the common, except looks. We shall have to see what the Kingsclere crack youngsters are like before we can form a reliable opinion as to who are the best youngsters of the year.

One is always sorry to note the defection of a rich and popular race-horse owner from the Turf. Thus, when the Marquis of Zetland sold off his horses, and announced his intention of taking no further part in Turf matters, expressions of regret were heard on all sides. It appears now that the noble Marquis will only retire for a season, if one is to judge by the entries for the Oaks of 1900, for in that race Lord Zetland has nominated two or three fillies. The Master of the Quorn could have hit on no better way of showing that his interest in the Sport of Kings has not entirely expired.

We have no need for slot-machines to supply glasses on our race-courses, as they have in the theatres, for one or two highly respectable binocular merchants attend all courses, and the goods they hire out give the completest satisfaction. I think, however, on all the big courses the slot-machine might be adopted for the supply of post-cards, writing-paper, and stamps. Better still, her Majesty's Postmaster-General might arrange to at least sell us post-cards and letter-cards on the racecourses, as well as stamps. I have been sorely tried at Goodwood



Robin-on. POLICEMEN AS SWIMMERS. Drake.

Photo by E. Milner, Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.

before now when I have wished to borrow an envelope so as to be able to post my "copy" in the box fixed in the Paddock.

The Jockey Club are certainly tackling a burning question in dealing with sprint racing, for that is what their notice to Clerks of Courses means in effect. But it seems to me that they are beginning at the wrong end. Increase the number of mile and over races, by all means; but that is only going a very short way. The great abuse of the Turf is the large number of five-furlong scrambles that are permitted; and nowhere are these so numerous as at Newmarket, where a shocking example is set by the rulers of the Turf. However, it is satisfactory to find such a sleepy body as the Jockey Club moving at all, and, now that they are awake, it is to be hoped they will set their house thoroughly in order.

CAPTAIN COE.

SWIMMING.

Policemen have so frequently to rescue people from drowning that we wonder that swimming is not rendered a compulsory achievement in the force. Some "Bobbies," however, are excellent swimmers, as the annual championship meeting at Broxbourne last Saturday week showed. The great surprise was the defeat of Constable M. Drake, of the City Police, who has been holder since 1889. The victor was Constable Robinson, of the Manchester City Police, who swam in excellent style, and, after a punishing finish, beat Z. Claro, of the City Police, by six yards, Drake being only a few inches behind. Time, 6 min. 51½ sec. Jones, champion of the Lancashire Police; Harrison, of the Norwich Police; Dennis, Metropolitan Police; and Newell, City of London Police, also started.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 17, 8.17; Thursday, 8.15; Friday, 8.13; Saturday, 8.11; Sunday, 8.9; Monday, 8.6; Tuesday, 8.4.

What is all this talk about taxing cyclists? The subject is one which crops up as regularly during the silly season as the shower of frogs descends from heaven and the meteorite is discovered on Salisbury Plain.

Joking apart, however, it is high time that a tax, say, a half-crown tax, be imposed upon most cyclists, provided, of course, that the income afterwards derived from the sum so raised be actually, and not merely theoretically, expended on the construction and repair of country roads, some of which, especially in Wales and the West of England, are a disgrace to civilised humanity. I feel sure that no cyclist who values his machine would object to such a regulation, for at present many of our country roads shake up bicycles to such an extent that fully half-a-crown's worth of damage, if the Hibernianism may pass, is sustained within a single long day's ride. The only



BUCKLED!

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

class of men who might be exempted are the *bona-fide* labouring class; that is to say, the men who merely ride out in the morning to the scene of their labours and home again in the evening. Such men generally bestride machines with solid tyres, some of them even the prehistoric "ordinary" bicycle—machines which an earthquake would hardly be able to injure. On the labouring-man, therefore, a cycle tax would fall both heavily and unjustly.

Many bets are being made as to whether Mr. R. L. Jefferson, who is attempting to ride to Khiva on a bicycle, will or will not accomplish the remarkable feat. Opinions upon the subject differ greatly, but the prevalent opinion appears to be that he will succeed. According to the latest reports, he has covered nearly five thousand miles since he left England some four months ago, and he is now believed to be midway across the dreary desert which extends from Orenburg to Kazalinsk and is close upon a thousand miles in breadth. Last week a member of the National Sporting Club laid three "ponies" to two that Jefferson would fail to reach Khiva, but a day or two ago a well-known bookmaker took three to one about his getting there, and another laid even money.

Cupid and Bikey have a trick of running riot only too often at this time of the year, and, as Edwin Horsfall found to his cost last week when brought into court at the Leeds Assizes, charged with wilful breach of promise, cycling itself has much to account for. The fact is, certain sylph-like members of the frail sex look extremely natty when mounted on a wheel, and, what with the excitement of pedalling side by side through leafy glades and along dusty high-roads for hour after hour, and occasionally resting in the friendly shade of a hedge or a hayrick, young people of opposite sexes are apt to grow more amorous than they ever dreamed of being before cycling and cycling-suits came so generally into vogue. Miss Louisa Schellenberg, who obtained from this fickle swain damages to the extent of £572, being

herself a dressmaker by profession, and presumably a match-maker by nature, no doubt looked more than ordinarily attractive in her well-cut cycling-costume, so that the sympathy of the mere male is bound to side with youth and beauty. She may have been devoured by the ardour of love, too, like another Sappho, in which case the accused's crime was the greater; but still one cannot help feeling a secret compassion for the impetuous youth whose evanescent passion must, while it lasted, have been as fiery as that of a Pyramus or a Romeo to have led him, in more senses than one, so very far astray.

I am told by an individual who lives near 180, Bow Road, E., that more bicycle accidents occur in that frequented thoroughfare, close to the Gladstone statue, than in any other part of London. On Saturday afternoons especially many hundreds of cyclists scorch down the Bow Road en route for fresh fields and pastures new, and at nightfall they return by the same way, and very often at even a greater rate of speed than that at which they rode out. Then, as they approach the statue, and the building behind it, instead of keeping the rule of the road with the rest of the traffic, they pass on whichever side of the statue seems most convenient for them, and for them only, with the result already stated. A policeman placed in ambush in that locality, says my informant, would be able to secure in a short time a very large number of scorching miscreants. Ambitious young constables thirsting for glory and promotion might make a note of this.

Many times in this column have I inveighed against that terror alike to cyclists and pedestrians, the scorcher, and congratulated the police on their endeavour to put him down. With bent back and reckless speed, he careers along the highway, heedless of anyone that comes in his path. Hitherto I have regarded him as an unmitigated nuisance, and rejoiced when he has been "run in." But possibly I may have been too hard upon him. He scorches, but he can't help it. So says a French physician, who has discovered that scorching is a disease, which he names "locomotor hysteria." This distressing malady produces an uncontrollable desire to travel rapidly over the ground, and is said to be caused by disordered nerves. Moreover, the malady is catching, and when one member of a cycling-party is attacked by it, the other members quickly succumb. Here is an opportunity for some of our millionaires to dispose of their superfluous wealth by building and endowing homes or asylums for the treatment of patients suffering from locomotor hysteria. On the principle that a dipsomaniac is said to be cured by being fed exclusively on brandy, the scorcher would be compelled to ride a hundred miles a-day, at racing speed, round and round a specially prepared track, until he came to loathe the very sight of a bicycle.

While on the subject of diseases, I may mention a funny statement I came across recently in a North Country local paper. The cycling correspondent, in discussing the merits of various chain lubricants, recommended the use of "powdered lumbago." We will hope that the omission of the "p" was a printer's error.

At a Bicycle Gymkhana held at Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the other day, the most interesting feature proved to be a Ladies' Musical Bicycle Ride, in which the following ten ladies took part: Mesdames A. Wait, A. W. Carrall, A. Falconer Ball, Misses Scott, K. Scott, Grabham, I. Grabham, E. Burnup, M. Fenwick, and M. Lindsay. The riders were tastefully attired in white toilettes and wore hat-bands and ties to correspond with the colours on their bicycles, which were alternately decorated with mauve and yellow flowers and ribbons, the combined effect during the various evolutions proving very pleasing. The intricate figures of the ride were carried out with a certainty and precision which reflected great credit on the careful tuition of Captain A. Falconer Ball and Sergeant-Instructor Woolley, of the 1st Northumberland Volunteer Artillery. The photograph given here was taken while one of the prettiest of the many figures was being gone through, namely, that of advancing down the centre by pairs.



A CYCLISTS' MUSICAL RIDE.

Photo by W. Parry, South Shields.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

SEASIDE AND SPA.

There are many people holiday-making at the present moment for whom all the significance of that delightful common noun would be lost did they not spend it at the seaside. By such, I do not mean, however, those unsophisticated children of Nature who delight in nigger-minstrel accompaniments of the pebbly beach, or love to wade in a state of



[Copyright.]

A NEW DRIVING-COAT.

Nature at the knees by Margate's yellow sands. Not at all! It is a more or less civilised and superior section to which I allude: those who love to preen themselves on an esplanade—who adore the mixed mob of table d'hôte at a monster marine hotel, and think the world would be well lost without band-stands and French bathing-costumes. All, in fact, that the terrible expression "seaside resort" conveys is to them the height and depth of autumn holiday delights.

Mercifully, however, one can still find spots of coast-line in this country uninvaded by madding crowds and enterprising contractors, where such of us who sigh for quiet, and are content to take Nature at her own valuation, can still find her as she was in the beginning. But it is on Scotch or Irish coast-sides that one can more securely seek shelter from Cockney crowds and their concomitant clamour than on this too-much-lived-in island. There one can still find islet-strewn bays or headlands, shaggy with bracken and heather, where never a sound breaks in but the lapping of summer wavelets, or the plaintive note of whirling seagulls overhead. No frocks, no crowds, no banalities of the vulgar tripper, but utter rest after the roaring whirl of London life. There are many little-known places on the West Coast of Ireland where the scenery is grand beyond mere wordlets to describe, where the Atlantic, with incessant hammering thunder, beats upon the craggy cliffs set there to resist it, and on stormy days the waves joust together under towering fountains of foam, with a hubbub and uproar unknown to these quieter shores. I wonder that, in this artistic and beauty-loving era, such things should remain comparatively unknown. For it is a situation of extreme and delicious exhilaration to sit on some granite rock, with the sun shining hot on one's neck, and watch the salt water surging restlessly through a little archipelago of rocks far below, their sides spotted thickly with sea-pink and water-weeds. This is a seaside worth seeking for indeed, and from the asphalt esplanade and the Fatherland trumpet may it still be long delivered.

Meanwhile, on moor and marshland the Glorious Twelfth has come and gone. Some friends, whose autumn lines are laid in pleasant Cumberland places, have sent instalments of their bags, and Castle Carroek grouse are uncommonly nice "cold for breakfast." One pair little body

shot by a sanguinary woman friend arrived all by itself from the Ben Lomond district three days ago. That it had fared badly at the hands of our sex I felt deeply when eating it. But its flavour could not be gainsaid. To confess to a deep and reverent appreciation of the machinations of modistes may, after all this flow of soul, seem inconsistent, even irrelevant. But is it? What is there in scenery that forbids us to view it in a well-fitting frock, or in atmospheric effects that cry out over our millinery. Always, by the way, excepting ostrich feathers in one's hat or a curly fringe on the sea-coast. Nature forbids the combination, and Art, as she inevitably must, gives way. Beyond such unconsidered and inconsiderable trifles, however, there is no earthly reason why the most far-afiel holiday programme should exclude the eternal question of clothes. On the contrary. For, as every self-respecting woman will endorse, one's opportunities should be always waited on by one's accessories. Nor is it because one contemplates scaling the Himalayas that one should dispense with one's lace-pins. For, as a matter of fact, the little graces of life are infinitely more appreciated when out of the immediate range of bonnet-shops and manicure artists. Having mentioned Ireland and Scotland as being within my probable range of autumn manœuvres—or some of them—the waterproof-cloak further presents itself in natural sequence as being not without its possible uses to travellers in either moist country. Extremely smart versions of this onetime hideous garment are now procurable at such first-rate centres as Jay's and Peter Robinson's, for example, and their smart appearance as well as hygienic qualities make them the anticipated and accomplished of all well-equipped women. I can distinctly remember refusing at all costs to include in my outfit one of the ugly, tent-like garments then in vogue when starting on a three months' yachting cruise half-a-dozen years ago. It was vanity and foolishness, if you will. But the artistic instinct to give it a pretty name rebelled nevertheless. Now, however, we have other times and other manners in waterproofs. Besides being cool and perfectly ventilated, an up-to-date "rubber coat," as our American third cousins have it, is made in a variety of shapes and materials, the least of which need not bring shame to the most fastidious. A long, plain ulster in pale shades of tan should much recommend itself to the driving or yachting contingent. Circular capes, fastening in front with a double set of straps piped in contrasting shades to its own colour,



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL WALKING-DRESS.

or short coats of grey or other waterproof silk fitted with yoke, storm-collar, and bishop's sleeves, are also among the latest modes, while the cut of coat or cloak is equally in contradistinction to ancient methods by being well cut and carefully put together.

Meanwhile, and once again meanwhile, the steady increase of over-eating—to our shame be it spoken, though to our shame will it still continue—gives quite a renewed filip of fashion to our English baths

and springs. Gout and dyspepsia, which reign supreme at all the smart Spas abroad, keep the bubbling waters at home in much request as well. Buxton, Bath, Malvern, and, in Ireland, the long-famous waters of Lisdoonvarna, now receive their crowds of after-Season "guzzlers," low be it spoken, each having its little season of health-seeking recruits; besides the inevitable accompaniment of healthy unemployed, who go because others do, and dress their part to all possible advantage besides. To the latter haunt of health and Hibernian relaxation is being sent this pretty grey gown of light summer stuff, its three flounces daintily edged with black bébé velvet ribbon, to match the embroidery done in black silk and sequins, appearing on apron and bodice. Black lace sleeves and a folded front of black mousseline-de-soie give added *chic* to a smart and useful gown. The hat, of black satin straw trimmed with guinea-fowl quills and cache-peigne of scarlet roses, adds a necessary and excellent touch of colour. Another useful example of autumn dress is given in this tan cloth, always a capital colour for clear-complexioned brunettes. Simply braided in front and on blouse bodice to match, the bodice is becomingly accounted for by a pleated chemisette of tucked white gros-grain. This dress is lined with dull-green shot taffetas, a pink cloth toque, with curled pheasant-tail feathers, making a suitably gay autumn chapeau. I have also had sketched a graceful grey cloth travelling-cloak, as



A NEW TREATMENT FOR LACE.

illustrating our up-to-date notions of the far-afiel ensemble. It is strapped and buttoned at back, while a single grey pearl button fastens the front, which at neck is decorated with a ruffle of ivory lace and large bow. The Grand Duchess of Hesse, who is a thorough-going all-round sportswoman, set the fashion in these cloaks, one which was immediately followed by Frenchwomen early in the Season, they having recognised how useful yet smart this shape undoubtedly is for racing-wrap or driving.

Poppy-red is to play its always cheerful part as factor of our autumn fashions, and one of the new French models in cherry and white taffetas is worth hearing about. It fixed my affections unalterably on a first view, and greatly becomes its present owner, who, on the strength of my admiration, immediately transferred it to her wardrobe. The skirt, very tight, expands into fulness half-way down. Two rows of broad black Chantilly insertion trim skirt, which is, by the way, cut on the cross, and owns a seam down the middle of apron. Narrow black velvet borders the scalloped edges of the lace, and a similar trimming adorns the blouse bodice, which is crowned by a smart black straw, turned up in front "en bataille," as they say across the water, with two black-and-white speckled wings in front, fastened in by a rosette of ivory lace. Red will make a charming change if we use it with discretion, as they do in Paris, and not anyhow, according to the crudeness of our Saxon instincts—for there is no denying that we are blessed in a lesser degree than our Gallic sisters with the instinct of using our colours with grace.

A tip which should be availed of extensively just now is given us by the importation of those charming coloured muslin collars, frilled and

trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace, of which the smart lingerie shops in Paris are now making a speciality. Put over any gown, or even the faithful tailor-made of our fast-held affections, these collars exercise, like the magician's wand, a transforming influence, and change the most ordinary dress into a thing of sweetness and light. Some are made round, some square, all with large revers, some in coloured Pongee silks with Valenciennes insertion; but the prettiest, to my mind, are of the aforesaid coloured muslins. Plain white are not used, it may be added for the benefit of those about to inquire.

It will interest possessors of old-fashioned pendants to hear that they are coming into fashion again. The Parisian Diamond Company has had copied for a client an old family jewel of sixteenth-century design. It resembles a group of three feathers with delicate festoons, also done in diamonds, large drop pear-shaped pearls hanging from centre and sides. It was impossible to tell the original, valued at many hundreds, from the imitation jewel, the setting of which alone is a work of genuine art. The question "Why have real diamonds when their reproductions are so perfect?" certainly suggests itself to anyone visiting the *chic* little shop at the top of Bond Street.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. F.—Have a pink coarse linen gown with a plain skirt, strapped, and one of the little spade-fronted coats now so fashionable. With it a white or black silk shirt spotted pink would look well, and a square collar of fine cambric and insertion. Your Panama hat with a twisted scarf of silk to match will finish the costume.

J. F. F. (Guildford).—(1) You probably mean an umbrella-tent. But there is no difficulty in getting one of these. I know they keep them at Spiers and Pond's Stores, Queen Victoria Street, as some friends had several for their gardens and terrace from them lately. The price would be about twenty shillings. (2) Arras cloth is a novelty and would look admirable in a big, square hall. It lasts for years, and would make a capital background for oak. Write to Waring's and ask them to send you a pattern of their dull-red arras with fleur-de-lis design in silver and gold.

RACHEL.—It is better to have cotton blouses made to measure, just as men's shirts are, I always think. Then you are sure of being properly fitted. Robinson and Cleaver would measure you in their Regent Street shop. To prevent the shirt rucking up at waist, as the best-regulated shirts have a way of doing, use a fairy belt. There is nothing like them.

SYBIL.

A REMINISCENCE FOR THE WEEK.

On Aug. 16, just one hundred and thirty-nine years ago, an individual was hanged at Tyburn whose name and crime would probably long since have been forgotten had not they been preserved in the century following by the able pens of Thomas Hood and Bulwer Lytton. The career of Eugene Aram, which finished so ignominiously at Tyburn Tree on the date I have mentioned, offered a fascinating subject to the weaver of romances, and the thrilling story of the novelist and the immortal dream of the poet have made the name of the murderer a household word all over the English-speaking world.

English literature appears to have barely escaped from yet another story of Aram, for Godwin, the gifted author of "Caleb Williams," declared that he "had always thought the story of Eugene Aram peculiarly adapted for fiction, and that he had more than once entertained the notion of making it the foundation of a novel." The true story of this attractive robber and murderer is briefly as follows. Born in Yorkshire, Aram received a fair education, became a clerk in London, returned to his native place, set up a school, and married unfortunately. He then removed to Knaresborough, and industriously acquired Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, and an extensive knowledge of literature—all this before 1744. In that year he again came to London, and was usher in a school in Piccadilly. Here he added Chaldee and Arabic to his already large store of knowledge. During his engagements at other schools he studied Celtic and acquired a considerable knowledge of botany. In the year that Aram came to London for the second time, a shoemaker named Daniel Clark had disappeared from Knaresborough; fourteen years later, workmen in St. Robert's Cave found what were believed to be Clark's remains. Suspicions were aroused, a man called Houseman was arrested, inquiries implicated Aram, and both were committed for trial. The trial took place in 1759, and disclosed a strange story. Aram, Houseman, and Clark, three needy men, entered into a conspiracy to obtain valuable property as if for Clark's forthcoming wedding, and were to divide their booty. Clark, however, disappeared, and, though some suspicion was aroused at the time, it was soon dissipated. At the inquest and subsequent trial, Houseman accused Aram, and Aram (who owned to fraud) denied the murder. Houseman turned King's evidence, and, in spite of an eloquent and elaborate defence, delivered extempore by the unhappy usher, he was found guilty and condemned to die. He afterwards made a partial confession and attempted suicide, was brought to London, and hanged at Tyburn.

It is interesting to recall that Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram" was the result of a horrible and actual dream, in which the poet says that his "mental anguish was indescribable." With regard to Lytton's romance, it was published in 1831, and dedicated to Walter Scott. In his preface he states how Aram's reputation for learning during his residence at Lynn had attracted the attention of his (Lytton's) grandfather, a country gentleman living in the neighbourhood. Lytton had at first intended to mould the tale into stage form, but afterwards changed it into a romance. It is probable that no middle-class criminal's career, unconnected with some great political movement, has ever exercised such an influence over literary men as that of the unhappy Eugene Aram.

W. C. F.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Aug. 29.

MONEY.

There are signs appearing in the sky of the Money Market that the prevailing cheapness is not going to last for ever, but brokers still declare their inability to "see their way" for the moment. The Bank of England decided to maintain its $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rate last Thursday, and it is generally expected that no change will be made until after the holiday season, unless a specially urgent need should arise. The Bank return grows more and more uninteresting every Thursday, but the proportion last week of reserve to liabilities showed an upward tendency, and improved $\frac{7}{8}$ to $45\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The coin and bullion showed a slight increase of nearly £36,000, and the circulation of notes was £318,505 less, which brought the reserve up to $23\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, an advance of £352,500 on the previous week. No effect was produced upon the Money Market by the return, and short loans have been done between $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. throughout the week. The best three months' bills have been taken at $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. discount, but higher prices were asked towards the end of the week. There was plenty of lendable money available for use at the Stock Exchange Settlement, but that institution had plenty of cash of its own for the nonce, and took but little from Lombard Street. New companies are as chary as usual of making their appearance when so many people are holidaying; but when the City gets back to town, it will be confronted with new prospectuses of every kind. Thomas de la Rue and Co., Limited, will probably be one of the first to invite the investing public to take a hand in its new deal, and the capital is stated to be £1,200,000 in £10 shares. Plenty of money is ready to be employed, and when this condition prevails, there is usually no lack of channels prepared for its outlet. The Indian Council has again renewed some of its loans until the first week in September at $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

HOME RAILS.

With the London and North-Western dividend, the first six months of 1898 completed their tale in the English railway world. On the whole, the dividends are much about what was expected, with the exception, of course, of that upon Great Westerns. The Great Eastern, Metropolitan, and Midland distributions were better than had been forecast, but the results can only be described as disappointing, working expenses having increased to an enormous extent. The last fifteen years have been eventful ones in railway circles, and we subjoin a table showing the course of dividends for the first six months of 1883, 1888, 1893, and 1898—

Railway.	First half. 1883.	First half. 1888.	First half. 1893.	First half. 1898.
Great Eastern...	nil.	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	2
Great Northern...	$3\frac{1}{4}$	3	3	3
Great Western...	$5\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	4	$2\frac{1}{4}$
London, Brighton...	2	3	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western...	7	6	$5\frac{1}{4}$	$6\frac{1}{4}$
London and South-Western...	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{3}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$	5
Metropolitan...	5	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Midland...	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$
North-Eastern...	$7\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{3}{4}$
South-Eastern...	3	3	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$

The dividend of 5 per cent. on Metropolitan Consolidated in 1883 was prior to the issue of the Surplus Lands Stock, and so affords no basis for comparison; but the other changes are all available for illustration. Curiously enough, the Brighton dividend shows the greatest expansion in the fifteen years under review, and has risen $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; while the Great Eastern distribution has improved from nothing to 2 per cent. The only other rise in dividend shown in our list is credited to the London and South-Western, which gets $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. more than it did in 1883. On the other hand, the Great Western stockholders have to be content with a decrease of no less than 3 per cent., although, of course, the present disastrous strike in South Wales contributes largely to this result. "Berwicks" get $5\frac{3}{4}$ against $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the North-Western dividend has declined $\frac{3}{4}$ as against fifteen years ago. The Great Northern and Midland dividends are both $\frac{1}{4}$ less, and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has been shorn off South-Easterns. It is interesting to note the difference in prices during the last decade, and in our next table we compare the highest quotations of 1888 with those of 1898, adding a column with the rise or fall—

Railway.	Highest 1888.	Highest 1893.	Rise or Fall.
Great Eastern...	72 $\frac{1}{4}$	124 $\frac{3}{4}$	+ 52 $\frac{3}{4}$
Great Northern "A"...	106 $\frac{1}{4}$	58	- 48 $\frac{1}{4}$
Great Western...	152 $\frac{1}{8}$	179 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 27
London, Brighton, Ordinary...	145	191 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 46 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western...	173 $\frac{1}{4}$	205 $\frac{1}{4}$	+ 32 $\frac{1}{4}$
London and South-Western...	143 $\frac{3}{4}$	236	+ 92 $\frac{1}{4}$
Metropolitan...	77 $\frac{1}{4}$	136 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 58 $\frac{1}{4}$
Midland...	136 $\frac{1}{2}$	{ Pref. 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ Def. 95 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 48 $\frac{1}{2}$
North-Eastern...	163 $\frac{1}{2}$	181 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Eastern...	134 $\frac{1}{2}$	157	+ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$

Since the highest prices touched this year there has, of course, been a considerable relapse, notably in Great Western Ordinary, but, with the solitary exception of Great Northern "A," a very substantial advance remains. Taking the stocks as a whole, we consider that the holders have had their ten fat years. Whether the coming ten will prove lean or not is a matter that we are content to leave to the prophets, but he must be a bold man who would predict another 92 points rise in South-Westerns or of 58 in Metropolitans before 1908 has been signalled out of Time's tables.

CHINA BONDS.

After the failure of the Chinese Loan in March last, it is hardly surprising that bonds of the Celestial Empire should have fallen out of favour with the British public. Since that inauspicious issue it would seem as though the "bears" had got the ball at their feet in the China shop, and were bent upon using it to the demolition of what few "bull" points were left. Her Majesty's Government have been so decidedly bearish towards the interests of this country in China that it is small wonder the Market quotations have dribbled away by slow degrees, and brokers have abandoned the advice that once they gave to the investor who wanted to mix a security paying good interest with the more begilded eggs in his basket. It is somewhat curious to note, in the first place, that the nature of security hypothesized to each issue for the due payment of its interest and principal is in exact proportion to the amount of interest offered. For instance, the 7 per cent. Silver loan of 1894 is dependent upon almost the best that China has to offer in the way of security, while this year's $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. issue had to be content with the likin and salt duties, upon the strength of which the latest loan of sixteen millions sterling was floated. In the ordinary course of things, the best security commands the lowest interest, but Chinese finance, like Chinese writing, is a law unto itself. However, from an investor's point of view, it is worth considering whether some of the China bonds have not reached a point when an improvement might reasonably be looked for before very long. The complete disintegration of the Empire is hardly likely to take place for a good many years to come, and, even if it should happen to-morrow, the bondholders would, in all probability, get greater benefit from the breakage than anyone else. Assuming, however, that the present status is maintained, the Sick Man of the Far East is likely to have a very comfortable convalescence, for the intense anxiety which is being manifested to obtain railway and other concessions in the country points to the fact that trade is expected to revive, to newly arise, as it has never done before in the history of the country. Mr. Colquhoun's new book states the British trade with China to be 80 per cent. of the whole, or over thirty-two millions sterling per annum. It is all very well for Lord Salisbury to say that British capitalists must first come forward to demand concessions before the Government can put its hand to the plough. If the moral support so generously afforded to French, Russian, German, and Belgian concessionaires by their respective Governments were extended to our own countrymen, British capital would not be wanting, but the prevailing feeling of unrest forms a bar to British enterprise, anxious to obtain a fair return for its money. China may be compared to the Tom Tiddler's Ground of our juvenility, with this difference, that all the nations acting want to adopt the title-rôle of hero, and as long as this international chasing off the ground goes on, so long will the country's future be retarded. But when the "open-door" uncertainty has been closed, when China's trade is allowed a free opening under the prudent hand of European management, then, we think, the speculative investor who has bought a few of the best Chinese Gold Bonds at present prices will have no reason for repentance.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND MUNICIPAL UNDERTAKINGS.

The London County Council has become a terror to the investor in Municipal undertakings, and its recent purchase of the London Tramways Company shows that it intends to exercise its powers in a way which may be extremely disagreeable to the aforesaid investor. The London Tramways shareholder who cried "Robbery!" was carried away by personal feeling at the idea that what he considered worth two millions sterling should be handed over to the L.C.C. for a paltry £870,000. Considering, however, that the price first demanded by the company was £900,000, and that the County Council offered £800,000, we cannot see that shareholders have very much to grumble at, considering that they have for several years continually had the fear of purchase before their eyes. In fact, we are rather surprised that the Council should raise its original offer by as much as £70,000, especially after the Company had lost its case in the arbitration that had been dragging on with regard to a previous purchase of a portion of its lines. The question is now settled, however, and the directors have the requisite authority to complete the sale. The Gas-Light and Coke Company is likely to prove a hard nut for the Councillors, but an attempt has already been made in Parliament to secure that the purchase-price of the company shall not be determined by the market value of the stock, which now stands at 290, *ex* 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend, for the "A." The Market rather smiled at the idea of no notice being taken of the Stock Exchange value, and did not even consider it necessary to discount such an unlikely event. Beaten by the Electric Lighting Companies in one direction, it is probable that municipal authorities will take steps to secure control of the new illuminant in another, and the acquisition, by the Corporation, of the City of London Electric Lighting Company is strongly urged from within the Guildhall itself. With the Tramways, Gas, Water, and Electric Companies all in the hands of municipalities, the range at present afforded for investments will be somewhat curtailed, but the changes cannot be made until well into the twentieth century, and, in the meantime, both gas and water securities are likely, in our opinion, to quietly advance in value. Electric Light shares fall under a more speculative heading, and, for the time being, are suffering under apprehensions as to the validity of patents. The County Council, if it means to move at all, should take over these latter-day productions at once, or it will again find itself compelled to pay a much higher price than it originally anticipated.

DE BEERS.

The hottest corner of the Stock Exchange throughout the last seven days has been that devoted to the Diamond Market, and round De Beers has been fought a battle-royal between the "bulls" and "bears" the like of which we should have to go back to the days of undivided Jagers to find a parallel to. On Aug. 5 the price marked 28½ in the Official List, and from that level a gradually increasing fall took the shares down more than 2 points in five days. It has been the sensation of the week in the Kaffir Circus, and the price of De Beers was heard the other day in the farthest boundary of the Consol Market. Readers of *The Sketch* are probably well acquainted with the causes to which the fall is attributed; but it may serve to show what utter nonsense has been talked, by mentioning that on one afternoon a report was gravely circulated that the Inverell Diamond Fields were "cutting out" the great Kimberley company. Now it happens that the Inverell is a comparatively small concern whose property is situated in New South Wales, and which has not the remotest chance of competing in the same market as the De Beers Company. Irresponsible chatter of this description has served to fill up the time when the "contract question" palled; but, if there be nothing radically wrong with the mine itself, we cannot see why the statement about the expired contract should have caused such a flutter among the diamond doves of the Kaffir Market. At only the last meeting the difficulty was foreshadowed of finding a market for the company's stones when the contract with the syndicate which then bought the diamonds should have run out. The chairman, in addressing the shareholders at Kimberley last November, put the following statement in the very foremost of his remarks—

As you will see by our report, the yield is .92 of a carat per load, and we have sold diamonds to the tune of over £3,700,000. I had perhaps better tell you here that we have had an agreement—Mr. Rhodes entered into this subject thoroughly last year—with a diamond syndicate, which does not expire until the end of this year (1897). By that agreement they take our monthly production, and it has been a material advantage to all parties. The fact of this agreement being in force has also during rather critical times helped to steady the market without the slightest doubt, and it is possible that when this agreement expires we may come to some further arrangement with the syndicate.

If the agreement was not renewed at the end of last year, why have these eight months elapsed before the event was trotted out as a huge bear-bogey? "The market—the Stock Exchange—knows absolutely nothing as to the real cause of the fall"—thus a dealer the other day who has grown grey in the service of the South African Market. All that is known is that some of the directors of the company are also members of the syndicate which up to last year was buying the De Beers diamonds, and the statement is freely made that the syndicate has been selling its 100,000 shares as fast as it possibly can. A large "tap" has been undoubtedly turned on, and an authoritative voice as to its cause is badly needed. But we fail to see that holders need throw away their shares because of a sudden slump, unless, as we have already said, there be something radically wrong with the mine in itself.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

'Tis said that the gentle Elia, when reproached with being the latest to arrive at the office every morning, defended himself by pleading that he always made ample atonement for his fault by being the first to leave every night. The Stock Exchange makes very much the same kind of apology to itself every day, as it comes to town by a later train and goes home by one earlier every week. We are once more under the somniferous influence of a nineteen-day Account—a time when all "bulls" having any regard whatever for their bankers' balances studiously avoid the Hall of Gorgonzola altogether, or else join their brethren under the temporary guise of "bears." Why a nineteen-day Account should be regarded as one in which a general decline may be safely anticipated it is difficult to tell; but the superstition frequently proves correct, and has come to be taken as almost a House axiom. The cause, most likely, is not as far away as one might expect, and the mere protractedness of fifteen days, with never so much as a contango to do, has a lot to answer for when the question is raised as to why prices sag in a long Account. If the Committee should ever take the idea into their heads that speculation ought to be discouraged, the very best course for them to adopt in order to stamp out gambling would be to first inaugurate a series of monthly settlements instead of the bi-monthly accounts in vogue at present. Speculation (which, according to a modest statistician, is responsible for seven-tenths of the House's business) wears unutterably during a long-deferred term of account, and it will at once be remembered that the advent of a Parisian Settlement is very often preceded by a week of dulness in interbourse specialities. And so every good broker who is at heart a "bull" hates the nineteen-day Account, and does his level best to get out of it. The only popular one of the year is that upon which we are now embarked, and for its popularity it has to thank the giddy grouse.

Readmission notices are beginning to appear quite freely on the board in front of Mr. "Pongo" Clarke. Strict are the rules that govern these blue papers, coveted in spite of the unwelcome publicity they give to names whose owners would greatly prefer to come back without having this unenviable greatness thrust upon them. Defaulters in the eyes of the Stock Exchange Committee are divided into two distinct herds. The sheep are those who have been fleeced by unscrupulous clients, or whose failure has been due to some cause over which they have had no reasonable control. The other flock may be called the goats. They speak for themselves, as the gentleman remarked when he rose to propose the toast of "The Ladies." Sometimes the sheep return to the pastures of the House, after being driven forth by the stern hammer of the waiter, but rarely does a goat edge his way through the iron ring of rules drawn up for the public defence. Roughly speaking—for the law is tempered with mercy—a man is eligible for readmission to the Stock Exchange as soon as he has thoroughly satisfied his creditors, and done all he can to re-establish his reputation. Mr. Percy Ledger Smith's name is up for admission once more to the Stock Exchange rolls, and wail words are in the wind as to several others whose collapse coincided with that of Northern Terrors and the unspeakable Market Trust. "Leo" had a pretty good innings during his first month in the Official Receivership; but his hands have been idle lately, fortunately for the peace of the Stock Exchange.

One well-known firm has just dismissed all its unmarried employes, owing to the slackness of business, and not from any desire to put a premium on matrimony. Every part of the House is just as idle as the Consol Market, where Mr. David Wilkinson's seaside trip was celebrated with a gaily coloured pail, a

tiny spade, and a collection in copper. Consols themselves have been perturbed by the political news, and only gained their customary composure after the customary cave-in of our Foreign Office to the latest Russian demands in China. Money was not lacking during the Account; the principal difficulty was to employ it at anything over stamp-and-fee rates.

In the Home Railway division there has been the usual marking of quotations *ex dividend* that follows after the meetings, and at the reduced prices some optimists have been induced to buy on the strength of things looking cheap. I only hope they will not turn out to be nasty for them as well. Dover "A," which has been on the down-grade ever since the terms were made known of the working agreement with the Chatham Company, has further declined; while Chatham as steadily have crept up. The Market are calling the chairmen of the two companies Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, but there seems to be some difference of opinion as to which is which. Some guessers are already hazarding opinions as to what the Caledonian dividend will be, and a fortnight or three weeks will probably confirm the estimate of 5½ per cent., which is the same as for the corresponding half of last year. The North British dividend announcement ought to be here about Sept. 16. Midland Deferred and North-Eastern Consols look worth putting away for a time.

Quickly following the Canadian Pacific disappointment of a 2 per cent. dividend came the Grand Trunk declaration, with a complete annihilation of the hope of the First Preference "bulls," who had the intense chagrin of seeing a paltry £2500 carried forward after the Guaranteed Stock had received its full due. The Market estimate of at least £25,000 forward, or possibly a small dividend for Firsts, was completely at fault, and the stock fell a clear 7 points in one day, to 60½, after having been 78½ at one time this year. The outlook for the second half of 1898 is rendered none the more cheerful by the reflection that the heavy traffic decreases have nearly all fallen on the current half-year's earnings. The announcement was made on the final Account Day, and broker after broker left the cheques that he was signing in his office to dash into the House and excitedly inquire the meaning of the blow. Alas! that was exactly what no one knew. Even the American Market grew sympathetic and marked its peace prices down. Milwaukee has touched their record price for 1898, of 109, and a 6 per cent. dividend is being foretold as a pleasant wind-up to the month. Louisville, however, have kept well under 62½, the highest touched this year, although they have been over 58.

Lipton's shares still continue to attract a good deal of Miscellaneous attention, and I am credibly assured that the huge contracts which form the backbone of the profits are still increasing. The report that Lipton's had the supplying of a large part of the war-stores to the Spanish forces in Cuba was considered capable of two constructions. "Sweets" are to have a quarterly dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. Russian Oils have gyrated between 2½ and 2, upon news of a fire on their property. I am told that they are to receive a substantial dividend next month, but if this explosion costs the company £100,000, as is estimated in some directions, I fear my informant may find he has been over-sanguine.

The two centres of interest in the Kaffir Market have been De Beers and Mr. Mark Davis. The latter gentleman is now periodically serenaded with "The Men of Harlech," and is understood to have expressed a wish he had never said his family came from the Welsh settlement at Jerusalem. Record outputs don't go for much in these days, otherwise the Rand return of 382,006 oz. would not have been allowed to pass almost unnoticed. Kaffirs are hard, and to buy a line of the best Gold shares is uncommonly difficult; but, without the public support, it is impossible to drive prices up to any appreciable extent.

Westralians merely woke up to their regular 8 per cent. on Contango day, and at once fell asleep again. We are promised some lively scenes over the Bass and Flinders reconstruction, and the Market's sympathy inclines towards the independent committee that is agitating for a searching investigation of the company's affairs. Mount Lyells have been the only feature of interest in the "twopenny-halfpenny Mining Market," and the price has moved sharply upon Adelaide orders.

"Hullo, my lord! And how much did you get for going on the Board?" was the irreverent salutation of a youth at the door of the Thieves' Kitchen the other day, which brought a blush to the innocent cheek of

Saturday, Aug. 13, 1898.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MINES.—It is virtually a private concern, and no information is obtainable in the Mining Market. The Secretary might put you into communication with a buyer at about 25s. premium.

R. M.—The Ordinary are $\frac{5}{16}$ to $\frac{3}{16}$ discount. Sell half, and keep the rest, on the chance of recouping your loss.

E. C. C.—We have made a note of your letter.

GAMMA.—The security for the Meat Extract Debentures is but slight, in our opinion, but the Stock Exchange considers they are not a bad investment considered as a First Preference. Why 4½ per cent.? Because they could not have got the money more cheaply on such security as they had to offer.

INVESTOR.—Entre Rios Pref. have suffered from bad traffics and a largish "bull" account. They will probably recover shortly. There have been "extraordinarily few transactions" in anything "during the past month or two."

NEWLANDS.—The quotation of Lady Lochs last week should have read 1s. to 2s.

Some distinguished journalists from Australia and America made a trip to Boulogne and back a week ago on board the New Palace steamer *La Marguerite*. The little party, which included Mr. William Curnow, the editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the oldest and most influential paper in New South Wales, was a merry one, and laughed to scorn the lowering clouds which obscured the sun throughout the entire day. *La Marguerite* carried some thousand passengers out and home on this occasion, and proved herself a splendid sea-boat, for, despite choppy weather, she kept excellent time—a very important circumstance where an excursion is concerned—and, generally, carried out the proud boast of her owners that she is the most magnificent pleasure-steamer afloat. For all that, the other ships of the company, although somewhat smaller, leave nothing to be desired in respect of convenience and comfort. The only subject for regret is that the English summer is so short, and that one cannot go by these vessels to Margate and Ramsgate, or to Boulogne or Ostend, as the case may be, after next month. Intending passengers from Tilbury may be advised that the hotel at this historic spot is thoroughly up to date, and travellers by *La Marguerite* or *La Belgique* may be recommended to stay there overnight and so avoid the discomfort of getting up too early in the morning.